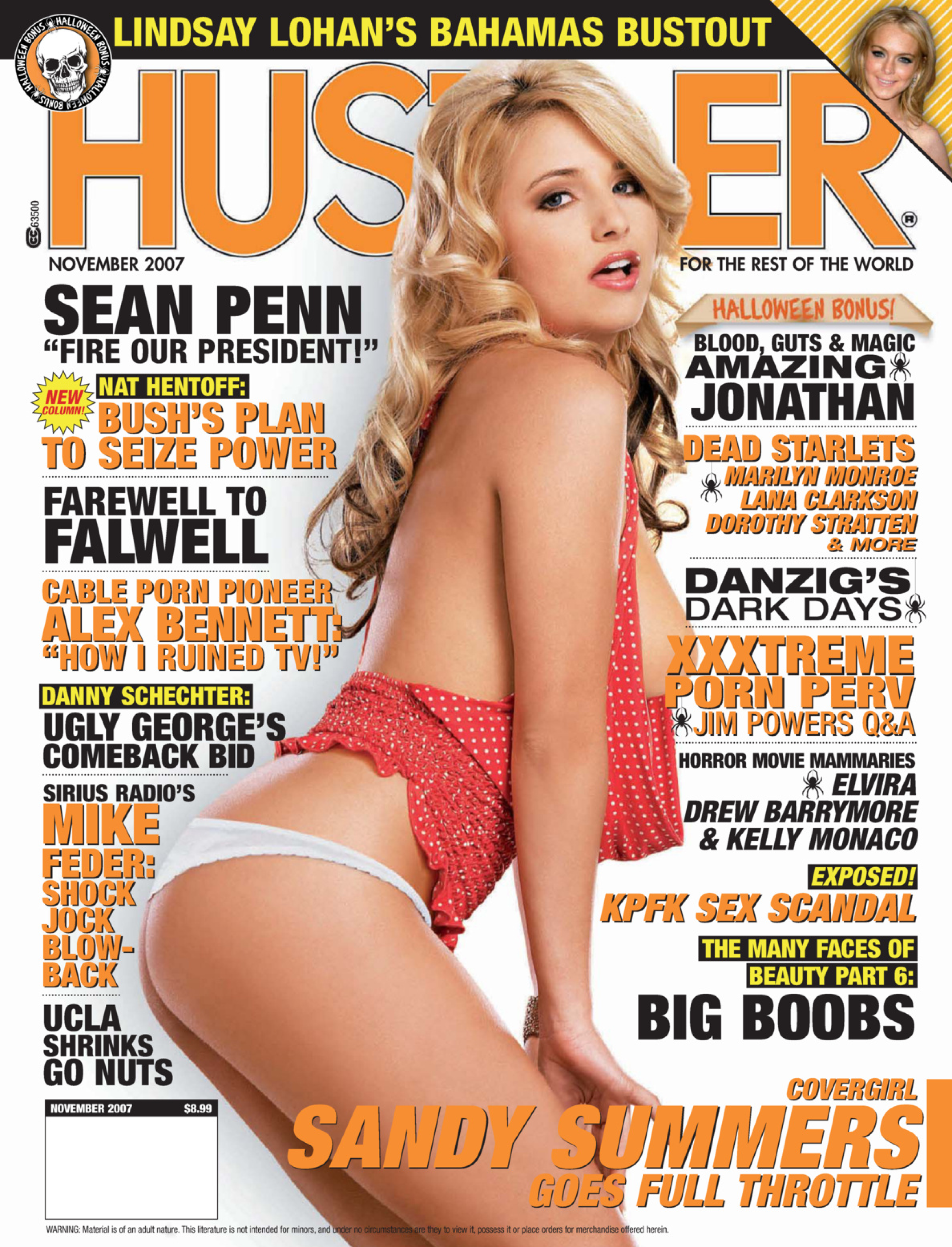
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HUSTLER

LARRY FLYNT'S FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

NOVEMBER 2007 VOLUME 34 NUMBER 5

HustlerWorld.com

108 KIMBERLY FRANKLIN

64 POOLSIDE PUSSY PARTY

176 BH FINALIST TIFFANY W.

22 JAYME LANGFORD

82 SANDY SUMMERS

GIRLS SPREAD

22 **JAYME LANGFORD:** Last of the Red-Hot Lovers
Photography by Mark Lit

46 **TARRA WHITE:** Halloween Treat
Photography by Matti Klatt

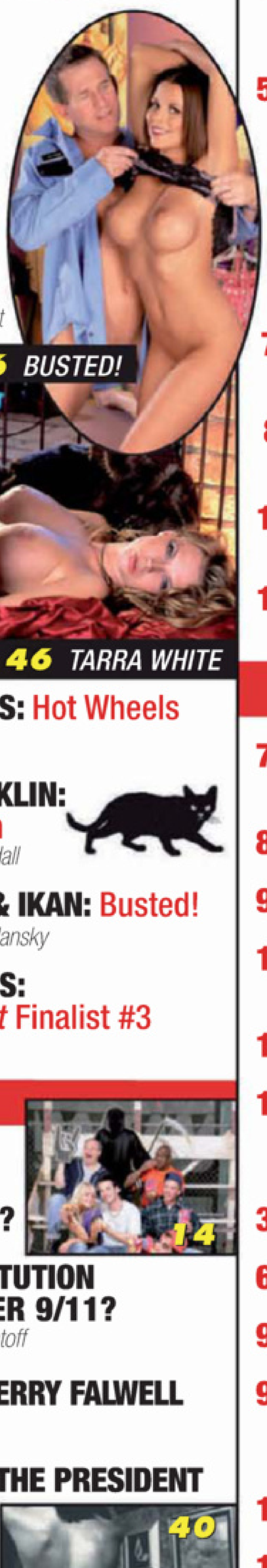
64 **LISA DANIELS & MEMPHIS MONROE:** ...Pussy Party
Photography by John Brant

82 **SANDY SUMMERS:** Hot Wheels
Photography by Matti Klatt

108 **KIMBERLY FRANKLIN:** All Hail the Queen
Photography by Holly Randall

126 **NICOLE GRAVES & IKAN:** Busted!
Photography by Ladi von Jansky

176 **TIFFANY WINTERS:** 2007 *Beaver Hunt* Finalist #3
Photography by Matti Klatt



126 BUSTED!

46 TARRA WHITE

FEATURES

3 **AD PARODY**

14 **SAFER HOTDOGS?**

32 **CAN THE CONSTITUTION SURVIVE ANOTHER 9/11?**
by New Columnist Nat Hentoff

34 **THE PEOPLE VS. JERRY FALWELL**
by Ed Rampell

36 **OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT**
by Sean Penn

40 **THE BATTLE OF *MIDNIGHT BLUE***
Vintage TV Porn
by Alex Bennett

42 **"UGLY GEORGE" COMEBACK?**
by "News Dissector" Danny Schechter

44 **FREE SPEECH: DON IMUS'S FALL**
by Mike Feder

14

40

54 **THE AMAZING JONATHAN**
Confessions of a Comic Madman
Q&A by Keith Valcourt

58 **RICH. FAMOUS. DEAD.**
Film Dolls Meet the Grim Reaper
by K.K. Le Roque

60 **MYSPACER DRAKAINA**

73 **TRANSBONERS**
Movie Spoof by Noel Anderson

78 **BEAUTY: BIG BREASTS**
by Tyler Downey

80 **SEX SCANDAL AT KPFK**
by Bruce David

103 **FAMOUS FLESH**
Splashin' Lindsay Lohan

104 **MOVIE MAMMARIES**
Elvira & Udder Horror-Flick Standouts

58

104 MOVIE MAMS

THE ISSUE'S STANDARDS

7 **PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT**
by Larry Flynt

8 **TECH KNOW**

9 **ROBERT SCHEER**

11 **FEEDBACK**
Readers' Soapbox

15 **ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH**

17 **BITS & PIECES**
Chainsaw Hookers, Bucky's Halloween Tips, Fellatio Fantasy & More

30 **HOT LETTERS**

62 **ARIOCK PINUP**

96 **HUSTLER HUMOR**

98 **AURAL PLEASURES**
Halloween With Danzig, Rockin' Goth Girls

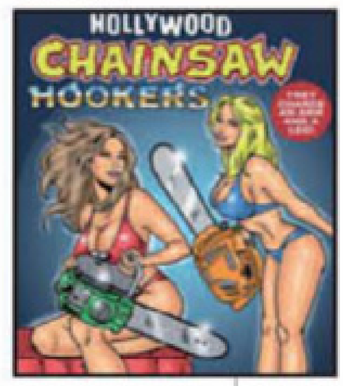
101 **GAME ON**

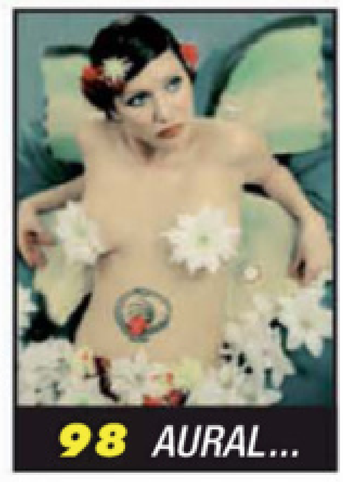
118 **COLLEGE REPORT**
UCLA Docs' Soap Opera

119 **REAL COLLEGE GIRLS**
Gopher State Bookworm

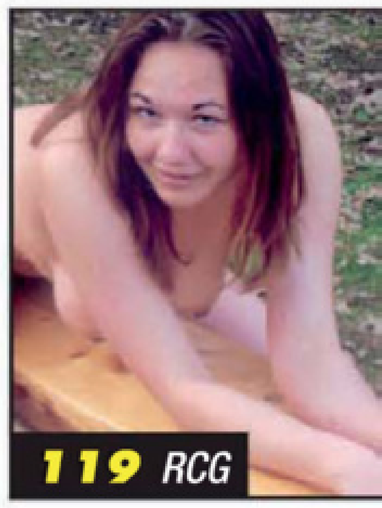
121 **BEAVER HUNT**
Amateur Coozefest

134 **EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT**
XXX Reviews, Porn Boogeyman Jim Powers

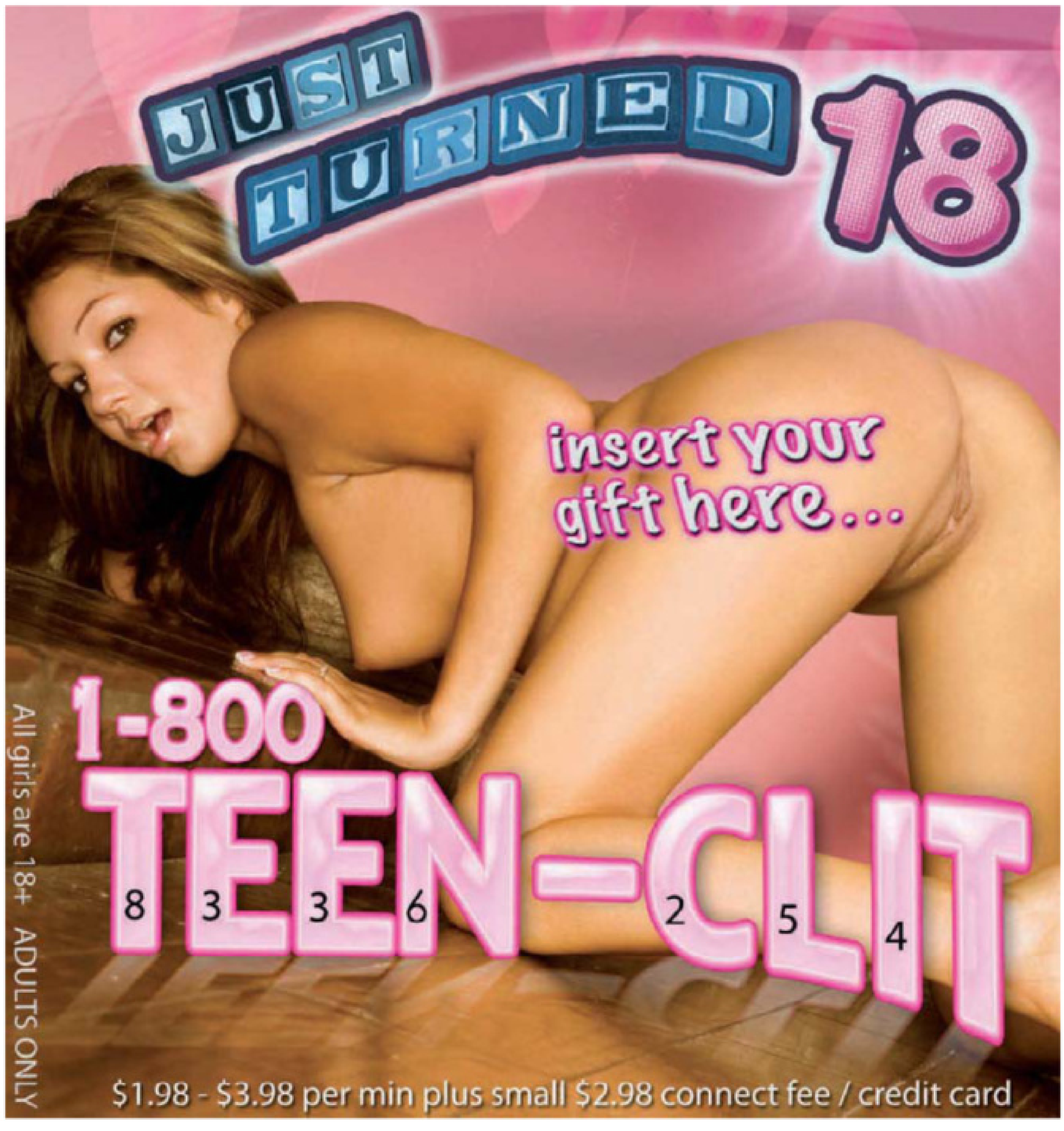




98 AURAL...



119 RCG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Cover photo by Suze Randall
Visit Suze Randall Photography Online at ***Suze.net***

FEAR AND LOATHING IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

What are our congressmen, senators and the members of the White House press corps afraid of? Or, to put it another way, if they are not afraid, why have they remained silent regarding National Security Presidential Directive 51 and Homeland Security Presidential Directive 20? Issued by George W. Bush, these directives are nothing less than terrifying in their implications.

Here is what the directives state: Bush grants himself the right to effectively suspend the Constitution in the event of a "catastrophic emergency" anywhere in the world that affects the United States! What constitutes such an emergency—size and scope—is to be determined by Bush, as will the length of time the emergency endures. Once in force, there will be no legal recourse. The Congress and the judiciary will be under the total control of Bush, making him America's first dictator.

It's fitting that we welcome First Amendment scholar Nat Hentoff back to HUSTLER this issue as a regular columnist. Kicking things off, he provides a detailed look at what Bush is up to with the aforementioned Presidential Directives and why we should be concerned. Do yourself a favor and check out Hentoff's incisive column, beginning on page 32. You couldn't possibly find a better authority on the subject.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

◀ SOUND STORAGE ▲

Face it: All those CDs and DVDs you've stacked up on every horizontal surface in your place must go. However, we aren't suggesting you get rid of the music and movies altogether—just the discs. Now you can upload your entire collection on either of these cool 60GB MP3 players from Creative.

The **Zen Vision M**, which is about the size of a bar of soap, will streamline your entertainment content and make it portable. Besides holding music (up to 30,000 songs), photos (10,000 plus) or up to four hours of video, the player also features a 2.5-inch, high-resolution screen (with four times the colors of a 30GB iPod), built-in microphone, FM radio (with recording capability) and five color choices (black, pink, green, blue and white).

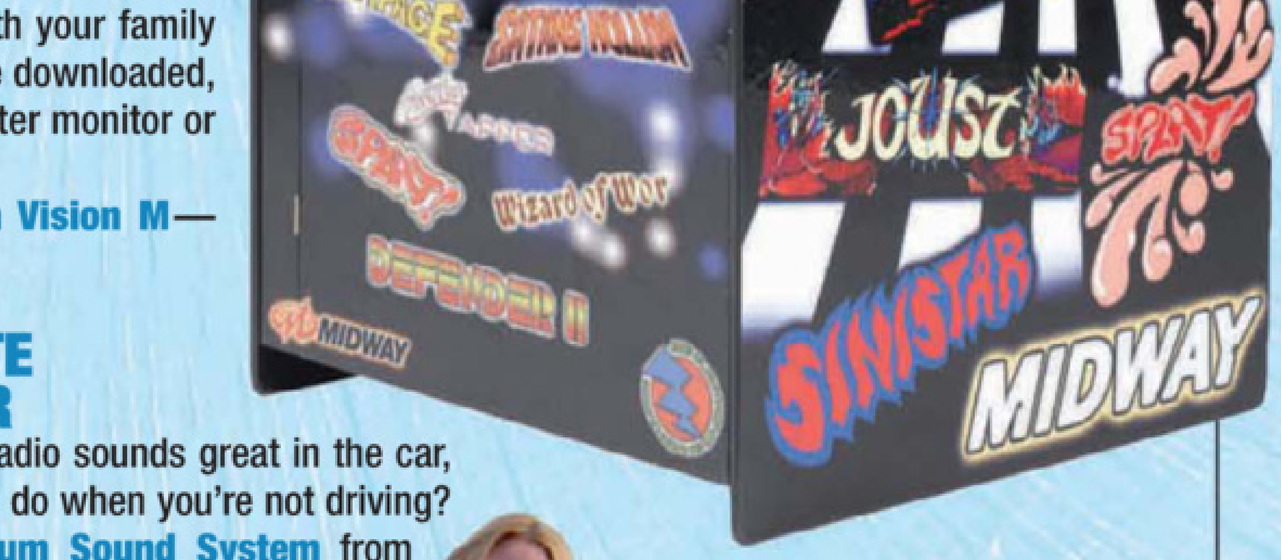
The larger **Zen Vision W** boasts a 4.3-inch screen and a slot to add a compact flash card for even more data storage than its aforementioned counterpart. It is the perfect player for sharing music and movies with your family and friends, as up to 15,000 tunes or 240 hours of flicks can be downloaded, recorded and stored. Just hook up the device to any TV, computer monitor or stereo and unleash your **Zen**.

Available at ***Us.Creative.com***. Suggested retail prices: **Zen Vision M**—$299.99; **Zen Vision W**—$399.99.

◀ SATELLITE SPEAKER

Sure, your XM radio sounds great in the car, but what do you do when you're not driving? With the **Premium Sound System** from Delphi you can now hook up your unit and enjoy all of XM's fare—with incredible acoustics to boot. The speaker offers phenomenal sound quality thanks to dual digital-signal processors for optimization and equalization, as well as a MaxxBass setting for richer tones. There's also a built-in XM antenna, allowing you to take a unit—even the SKYFi3—anywhere.

Available at ***Delphi.com***. Suggested retail price: $179.99.



▲ YOU'VE GOT GAME

Starting your own arcade just got a whole lot easier. The **Standup Arcade** from Big Electronic Games Limited features 12 Midway classics, including *Defender*, *Rampage*, *Wizard of Wor*, *Joust* and *Defender II*. Easy to assemble, this compact yet full-size machine is a must-have for your game room. You'll not only enjoy countless hours of fun "sticking it old school," but also save a ton of quarters in the process.

Available at ***MyBigGames.com***. Suggested retail price: $399.99.

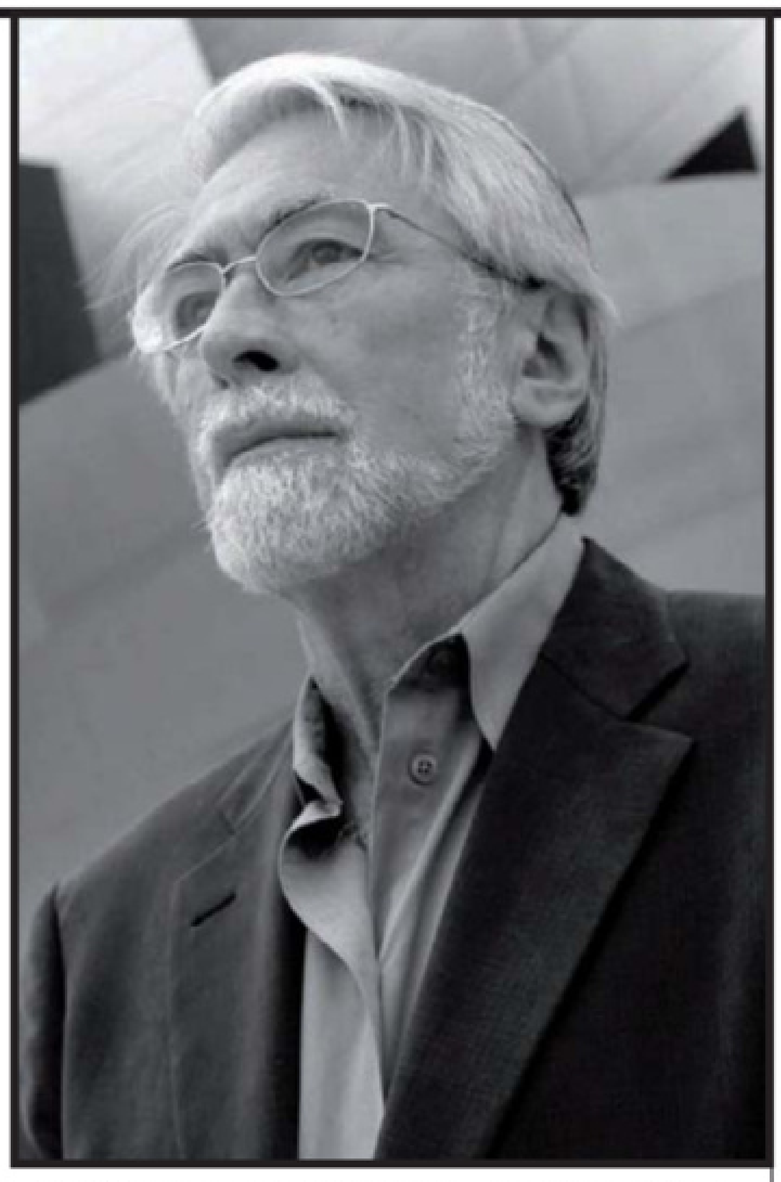
REALLY COOL RIDE ▶

The geniuses behind the **Cruzin Cooler** have invented the ultimate party vehicle: a motorized ice chest that accommodates 24 12-ounce cans of brew or soft drinks. Powered by either electricity or gasoline, the **Cruzin Cooler**—whose deluxe 50 series features handlebars and retractable foot pegs—has a weight capacity of up to 250 pounds and a top speed of 15 miles per hour. You'll never again break your back lugging a loaded cooler around!

Available at ***CruzinCooler.com***. Suggested retail price: $499 (deluxe 50 series).

ROBERT SCHEER

AMERICA SLIPS BACK INTO ITS WEAPONS ADDICTION



WHETHER IT'S EASY MONEY OR AN EASY HIGH, an addict's Jones is infamously hard to kick. This is now America's seventh straight decade as a wartime economy: Even when our enemies are wielding $3 box cutters and are better fought with police work and sophisticated diplomacy, we continue to shove trillions in tax dollars into a superpower arms race we've long since won.

Stealth fighters, leviathan aircraft carriers, Star Wars missile defense systems (that will *never* work, but sure do annoy those Russkies!), and all manner of cyborg-style, high-tech experiments are the pork our Congress feeds on, but they benefit the few at the expense of the many. Worse, their development leads to wars like Iraq—floor shows to demo American products, since, of course, once we've developed these beasties with *our* tax money, our defense contractors turn around and make a fortune selling them to the world's dictatorships.

It was the World War II hero and Republican President Dwight D. Eisenhower who—at the height of the Cold War—first so ominously warned the nation of such corruption: "This conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience," he declared in the farewell address of his Presidency. "The total influence—economic, political, even spiritual—is felt in every city, every statehouse, every office of the federal government. In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist."

Remember the "peace dividend" we were supposed to enjoy with the demise of the Soviet Union? If you do, it might make you feel old to realize the Berlin Wall fell 18 years ago. After 45 years of the Cold War, our rival had basically surrendered. Surely now we could cut taxes and shift some of the military budget to fund strapped social services and infrastructure improvement? After all, we had spent trillions bankrupting the Soviets in an arms race that saw each side stockpile tens of thousands of nukes. Certainly we wouldn't need to spend as much to intimidate cut-rate nut-jobs like Libya or North Korea.

At last, America could once again have a peacetime economy. Nobody advocated doing away with the military altogether, but we spoke excitedly of smaller, swifter, cheaper forces built for the "New World Order" of President George Bush the First. We were the last superpower standing, and we could now lead the world to a more peaceful, constructive era. And, while it wasn't as dramatic as many of us would have liked, the peace dividend did gradually appear.

Under Presidents Bush I and Clinton, defense spending as a percentage of our gross national product was nearly cut in half, from 5.8% in 1988 to 3% in 1999. Outmoded military bases were shuttered, and the national deficit evaporated as the stock market boomed. The idea—popular since World War II brought us out of the Great Depression—that America needed war to prosper was being successfully challenged.

Of course, the United States was still spending nearly half a trillion dollars a year on military expenditures and was still the number one seller of arms to a world that, in certain regions, remained stubbornly violent. But hey, we were moving in the right direction. Then came two devastating events: The second, of course, was 9/11, while the first was when the GOP proved it was the more ruthless of our two major political parties by winning the ugly street fight for Florida in the 2000 election, seizing the White House despite losing the popular vote (and Florida's pivotal electoral votes, as newspaper investigations later established).

Sadly, Bush's incompetence allowed 9/11 to happen, yet he and his team of oilmen and defense industry vets (starting with V.P. Dick Cheney, an exec in both) had no problems capitalizing on it to advance their own old-school agenda of war profiteering—updated with a new coat of paint provided by think-tank neoconservatives who want to establish another century of American dominance through the liberal application of raw force.

Annual Defense Department budgets (which don't count Iraq and Afghanistan) have surged, both in raw dollars and as measured against GDP (gross domestic product), with most big-ticket hardware production having nothing to do with the so-called War on Terror. For 2008 the Defense Department alone will have a budget of nearly $600 billion. Tens of billions more will be spent in Iraq and Afghanistan in separate accounting. Throw in veterans expenses, managing our nuclear arsenal, paying off debts and interest on past military expenditures, Homeland Security expenses relating to defense, etc., and you'll find we are spending over a trillion dollars a year, or about half our tax revenues, on guns—as opposed to butter. And Democrats don't oppose this new orgy of military spending.

Beyond the money, however, the biggest cost of this addiction is to our democracy: It's simply unhealthy to have a military-industrial complex that's so powerful, it can and does dictate national policy, naturally tilting us to using force to try and solve complex world problems. (See Vietnam and Iraq.)

As Eisenhower said so eloquently and presciently, "We must never let the weight of this combination [the military-industrial complex] endanger our liberties or democratic processes. We should take nothing for granted. Only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery of defense with our peaceful methods and goals, so that security and liberty may prosper together."

REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

McCAIN
Pathetic suckass.

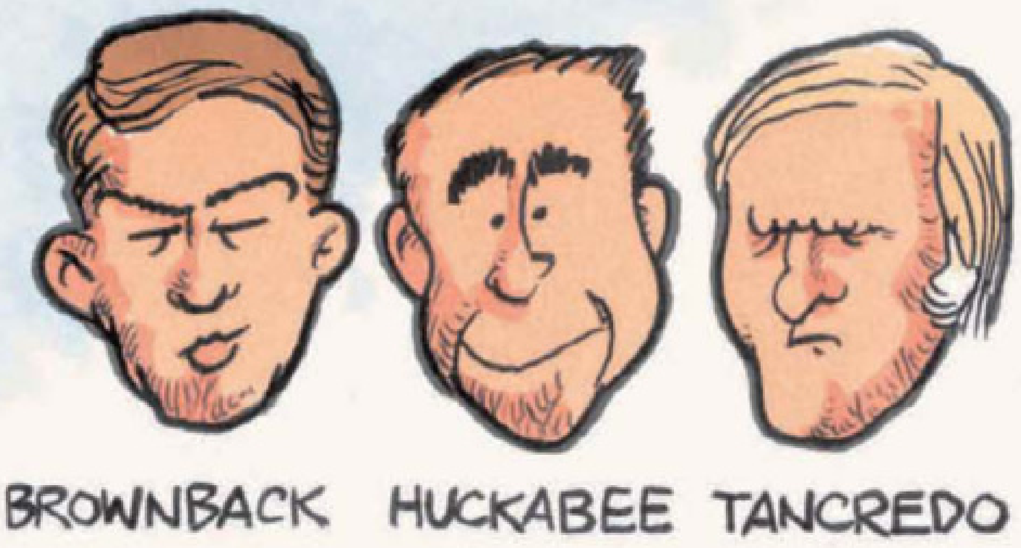
ROMNEY
For 'choice' before he was against it.

GIULIANI
Womanizing cross-dresser.

GILMORE
Who the fuck is this guy?

PAUL
Libertarian loser.

THOMPSON
Jew hater.



BROWNBACK HUCKABEE TANCREDO
Believe the world is 6,000 years old.

HUNTER
Never heard of him.

VOTE DEMOCRAT!

MHLeady

Moral Victory

Larry, congrats on outliving Jerry Falwell!—**Shane Cullum**
Santa Ana, California

Screw You, Al!

After reading Al Goldstein's "Why I Hate Women" [July '07], it is easy to see what a delusional, vomit-inducing parasite he really is. I have been married to the same man for 13 years. My pussy is still tight, he comes at least two times a day, and I am a mean cook. I have given him four beautiful children he loves more than me.

I have no problem saying my husband is the leader of our household, because I would follow him off the ends of the earth. Not for his money or his dick, but because he is an awesome human being. If you have to pay for pussy, you're the problem—not all the bitches in the world.

Prostitutes and dancers have more money than your broke ass, Al. You had millions of dollars that you wasted. It sounds like the women you have been associated with got the better deal: They got rid of you, and they're better off. If you idolize people who throw women down flights of stairs, and you believe we're as bad as you say, move to Iran. There they treat people just as you describe. Oh, that's right. They would kill your stupid ass!

I'll also have you know I love football, Al. My husband takes me to games, and he gets his dick sucked on the way to the stadium. I can't believe your foul mouth used football as an example. Those are real men. Your repulsion for pussy, pubic hair and breasts can only mean one thing: You're gay. But not even a gay man would want you because you bitch too much!

By the way, I'm on a beach in Jamaica right now. That's what happens when you take care of your money, your home and your family. Oh, I forgot, you don't have any of those things. Boo-fuckin'-hoo!

—**Teisha Anderson**
Cincinnati, Ohio

Potent Al-ixir

I loved Al Goldstein's article about hating women, and I sympathize with the brother! But I'll still take an irritating woman over a gay man any day. They're just bitches with a penis and can be just as bad or worse than a woman.

I can't give up on women, because like Goldstein said, there is that one freak out there who can satisfy you and restore your faith in women. She's the one whom other women loathe, and she turns every man's head. I've had a couple of those in my life, and they are the only women I want or live for! From a mystical standpoint, semen is life and a potent elixir. It makes women crazy! They need it more than I need their pussies. Thus the games they play! —**Bryan Bailey**
Long Beach, California

Look for reader fave DAISY MARIE getting properly "plucked" as our XXX-entertainment crew scopes the hottie's upcoming video sexcapades.

Caliente Cutie

The February '07 HUSTLER was hot. Brea Lynn is a future star! However, the jewel of the issue was Daisy Marie, who is without doubt the hottest Latina porn star ever. I'd love to see that Daisy get plucked! —**J.S.**
Lubbock, Texas

Knockin' 'Em Dead

Thank you for the Anti-War Comedy Tour story in the August issue. Droll dissidents! Peacenik comics! Progressive pranksters! Ha! Too good, man!

—**Spencer Dobson**
Los Angeles, California

Takin' It Off

I work as a dancer, and the club owner put up a sign that says, "Congratulations to our Miss Tina for making July's HUSTLER." Now that I've appeared in *Beaver Hunt*, several friends and customers want to know how to vote for me. Hope your Detroit sales are good! —**Miss Tina**
Detroit, Michigan

Friends and fans can vote for you if you are chosen as a Finalist. Thanks for sending in pics and good luck!

LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS

I AM IN AFGHANISTAN. This place is so ass-backwards, you wouldn't believe it! I'll be here for another ten months, and alcohol and porn are illegal! I didn't think it would be so bad because I knew we would have the Internet, but the brass is regulating that too! Help me, Mr. Flynt. You're our only hope! Everyone here is hungry for porn, even the Afghani people! Please help me bring porn to this deprived nation! I will gladly distribute anything your generosity and hunger to piss people off sees fit!

—**Name Withheld by Request**
Ghazni, Afghanistan

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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Ball Park Franks

NOW Listeria-Free!

Good news for fans of our delicious hotdogs—we're not killing people anymore! Sure, we fucked up a few years back when bacteria dripped from an air-conditioning unit into a meat-assembly line in one of our plants. Even if we may have known about this and let it go on for months—making hundreds of people sick and killing at least 21—we did stop when the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention caught us.

But that's in the past. We've learned from our mistakes. It's not as if we would do something like that again. You should be more worried about our competitors. They haven't gotten caught yet. So enjoy our hotdogs. And remember, they plump when you cook 'em.

Ball Park Franks are a product of Bil Mar Foods, a unit of the Sara Lee Corporation. Remember, nobody does it like Sara Lee.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on a food giant whose wanton disregard for public safety led to massive sickness and death. For more information, check out **CommonDreams.org**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Elisabeth Hasselbeck

When it comes to spewing verbal diarrhea, Elisabeth Hasselbeck of ABC-TV's *The View* has no peer. Possessing the IQ of a gnat, this talking head epitomizes what's wrong with America's moronic media.

How did this half-wit get onto the airwaves? Did Hasselbeck study journalism, history or something remotely relevant to being a public-affairs commentator? No, she majored in art and played softball at Boston College. Did she work her way up the ranks as a reporter in newsrooms? No, she designed PUMA footwear.

Hasselbeck's main qualification for dispensing pearls of wisdom to national audiences is that she was a contestant on *Survivor: The Australian Outback*! Although eventually given the boot, she parlayed her 15 minutes of fame into providing fashion tips for the Style Network and MTV.

Hasselbeck also earned spots on Fox "News" after addressing the 2004 Republican National Convention. Her notable squawking points on *The View* include a hysterical denunciation of over-the-counter access to Plan B, the morning-after birth-control pill. Anti-choice, Hasselbeck is a "Christian" who puts the *mental* into fundamentalist.

Facts don't restrain Elisabeth. On the April 12, 2007, edition of Fox's *Insanity & Colmes*, she ranted: "You know, people now are saying, should Nancy Pelosi be, you know, should she have gone over to Syria? Should she have been in Iran? Will she go to Iran?"

(Huh?! Can Hasselbeck even, you know, speak in grammatically correct sentences, let alone organize her thoughts in a coherent manner and expound upon, you know, world events?)

During Pelosi's Middle East trip, the Speaker of the House did not visit Iran, nor had the Democrat announced that she would—but that didn't stop Hasselbeck's scrambled speculations.

Enter Rosie O'Donnell. Rosie may be seen as a bull dyke in a china shop, but she speaks truth to power. Joining *The View* in 2006, the out-of-the-closet lesbian was on a collision course with puritanical wacko Hasselbeck from the start. The fuse was lit for a final confrontation with her TV sidekick in May 2007, shortly before O'Donnell's scheduled departure from the program.

Avowedly antiwar Rosie declared: "Six hundred and fifty-five thousand Iraqi civilians are dead. Who are the terrorists?"

Hasselbeck retorted, "Who are you calling terrorists?!"

O'Donnell responded, "I'm saying that if you were in Iraq, and another country, the United States—the richest in the world—invaded your country and killed 655,000 of your citizens, what would you call us?"

Of course, O'Donnell was condemning policymakers who'd caused the quagmire in the first place, not U.S. troops. But Hasselbeck refused to back her cohost up when right-wingers attacked O'Donnell for supposedly calling American soldiers "terrorists."

This triggered an explosion on a subsequent show, with Rosie asserting: "What you did was not defend me. ... I asked you if you believed what the Republican pundits were saying. You said nothing, and that's cowardly. … Do you believe that I think our troops are terrorists? And you would not even look me in the face, Elisabeth, and say, 'No, Rosie.'"

The Hassler responded: "Because you are an adult, and I am certainly not going to be the person for you to explain your thoughts. They're your thoughts! Defend your own insinuations!"

Again, the only thing more confusing than Hasselbeck's "thoughts" is her English, which is more tortured than a Guantanamo inmate. She is more brain dead than Terri Schiavo after the plug was pulled.

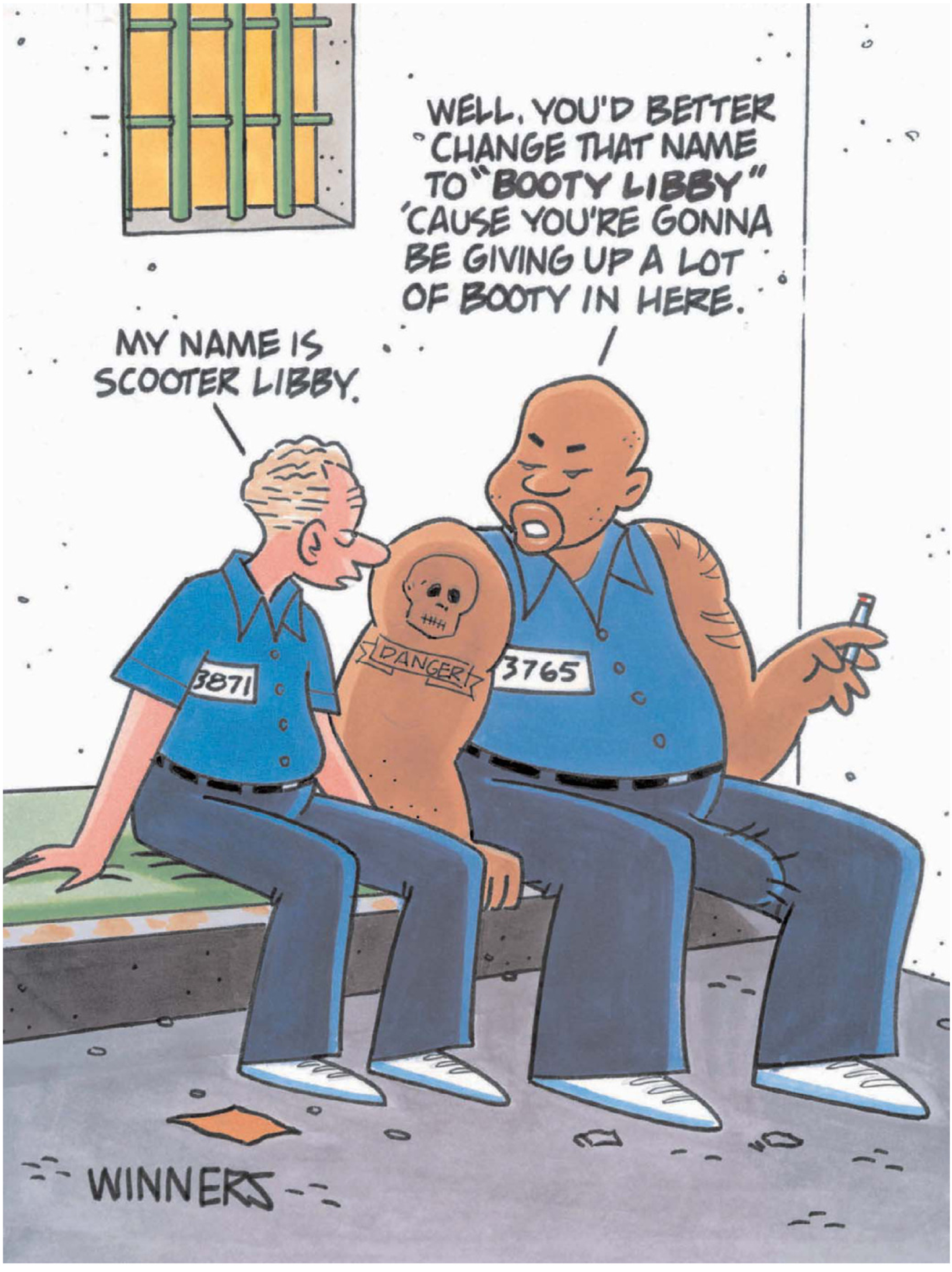
Disgusted with her spineless colleague, O'Donnell abruptly called it quits earlier than planned. Despite Elisabeth's vegetative state, in true treacherous *Survivor* style she outlasted and outplayed Rosie. Whatever made Barbara Walters select Hasselbeck to be one of her cohosts must reflect the same faulty judgment she exercised upon becoming engaged to attorney Roy Cohn, a flaming fascist and screaming queen who eventually died of AIDS.

It's time to vote nitwit bitch Hasselbeck off the network island!

Farts in the Wind

● **Dale Thompson** of the U.S. Treasury Department's Office of Foreign Assets Control wrote Michael Moore, informing the filmmaker he may have violated the embargo of Cuba. The letter ordered Moore to report back to OFAC's **John Dickie**, warning that "failure to respond…may result in…civil penalties." For his new documentary *Sicko*, Moore had journeyed with three ailing 9/11 rescue workers to the "one place on American soil that had free universal healthcare"—the U.S. Naval Base at Guantanamo. There, Moore requested that his entourage receive the same "top-notch medical care" that "evildoers" get at Gitmo. Denied access, Moore took the Ground Zero responders to Castro's Cuba, where they were given free healthcare. If you think this is just another instance of the U.S. government trying to stifle political dissent, call Dickie at 202-622-2430 and tell OFAC to go fuck itself!

● Believe it or not, the official in charge of protecting America's food—Secretary of Agriculture **Mike Johanns**—is thwarting beef producers that want to inspect 100% of their cattle for mad cow disease. Concerned that an attempt by Creekstone Farms to use a rapid-testing method would pressure other meatpackers to do likewise, the USDA took legal action. However, in March a U.S. District Court ruled against the USDA, handing consumers a rare victory, but the agency may appeal. As Nebraska's governor, Republican Johanns reportedly received more than $108,000 of the $2.3 million he raised in 1999-2002 from ag companies, including ADM, Kraft, Tyson and Nebraska-based ConAgra. Yes, the USDA stance smells like pure bullshit to us.


WELL. YOU'D BETTER CHANGE THAT NAME TO "BOOTY LIBBY" 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA BE GIVING UP A LOT OF BOOTY IN HERE.
MY NAME IS SCOOTER LIBBY.
3871
DANGER
3765
WINNERS

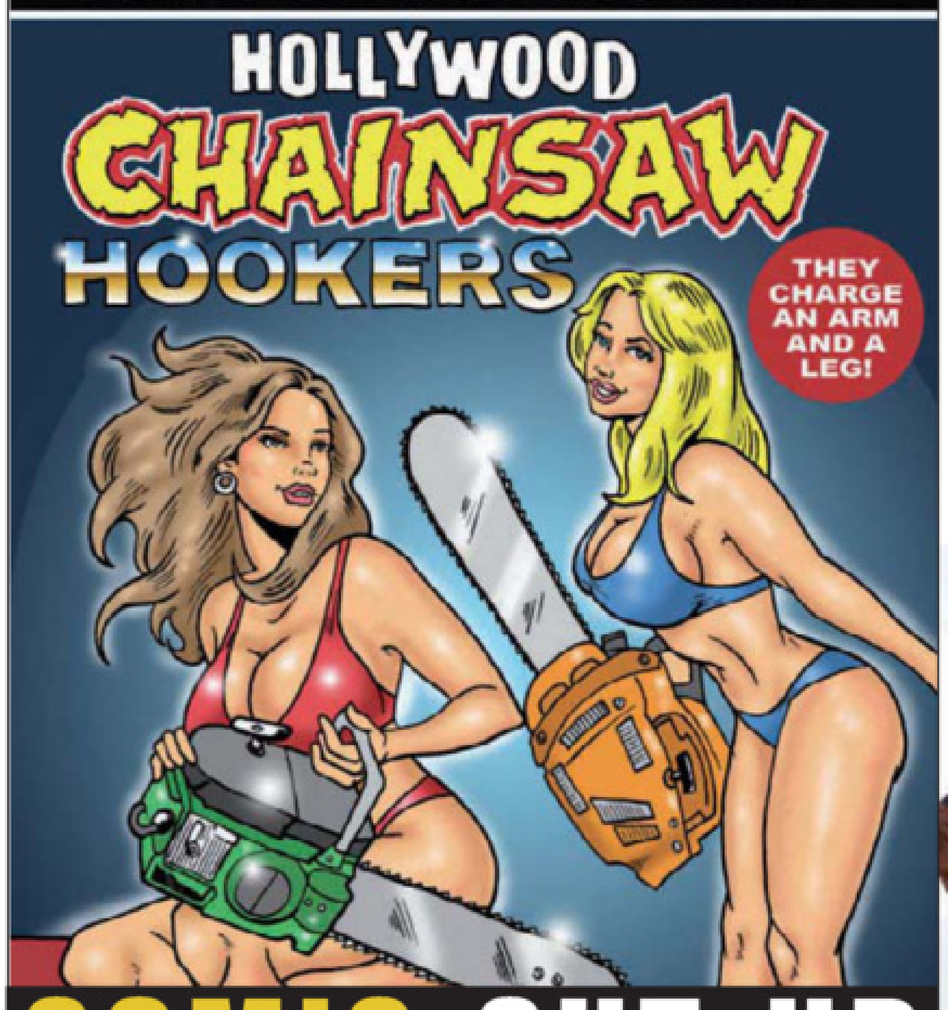
SCOOTER MEETS HIS NEW CELL MATE.

HALLOWEEN BONUS

GIMME AN F!

Forget those lame, watered-down and supposedly sexy Pussycat Dolls. Instead, check out the badass cheerleading squad of the rough-and-tumble, hard-skating L.A. Derby Dolls. Aptly called the Fearleaders, these tattoo-covered, punk-rock, goth princesses really know how to shake those pom-poms.

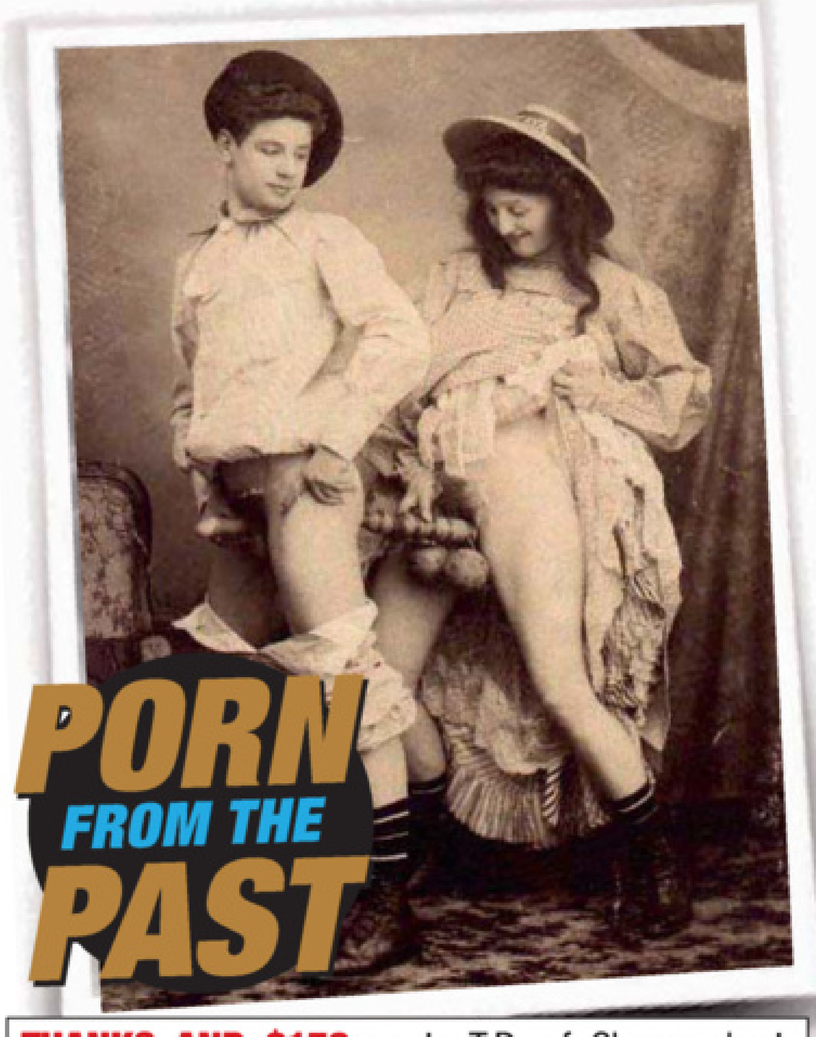
RETROMEDIA COMICS GROUP



COMIC CUT-UP

HUSTLER CONTRIBUTOR Noel "Scotch" Anderson has illustrated this cool comic based on B-movie bad boy Fred Olen Ray's film. The cartoon chronicle is backed with lots of sexy and gory action. Check it out at **GoofRoof.com**.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Halloween Tip #1

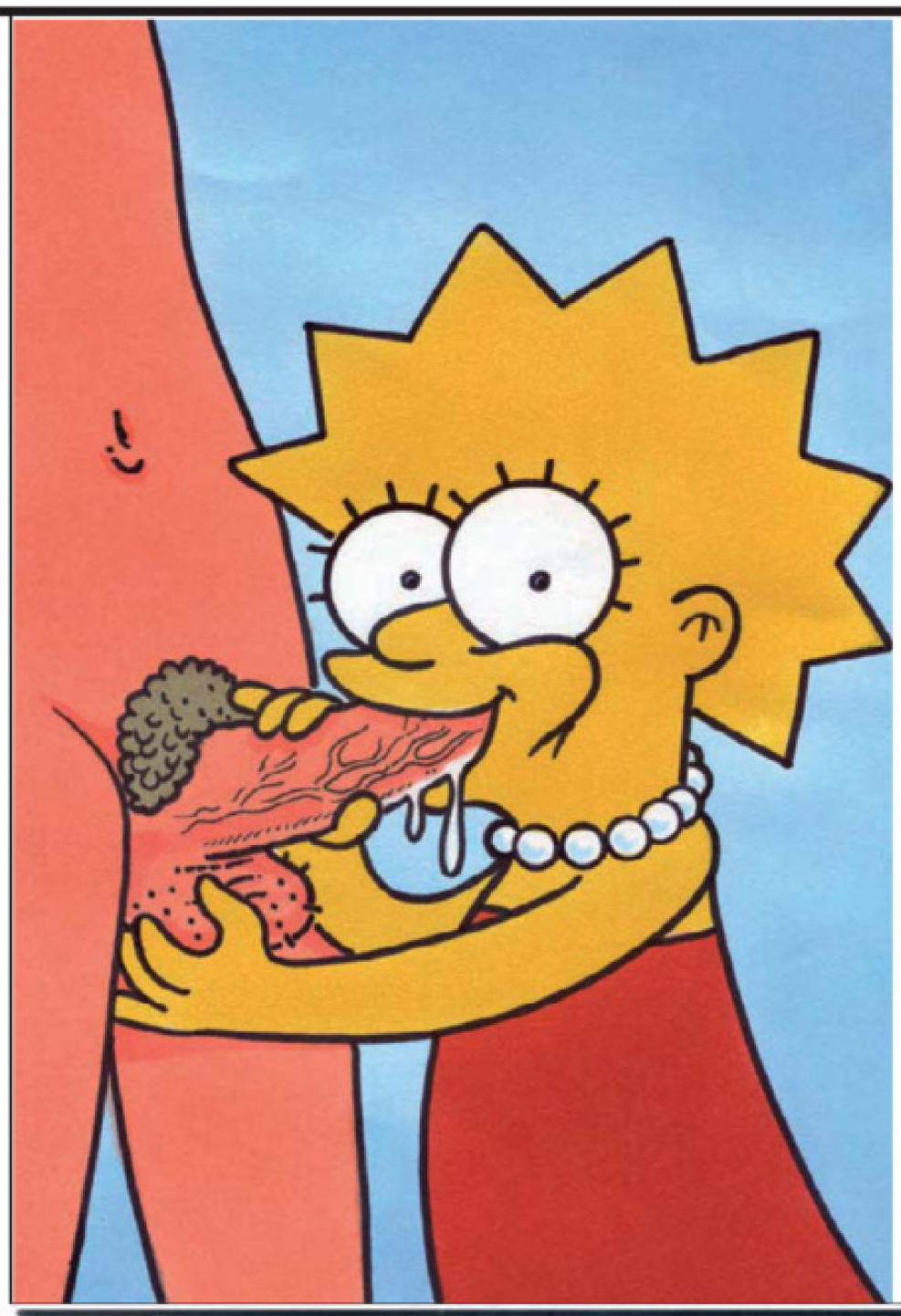


PORN FROM THE PAST

THANKS AND $150 go to T.D. of Champrobert, France, for this somewhat-scary retro raunch. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown." —H.P. LOVECRAFT, SCI-FI WRITER

"If a man harbors any sort of fear, it makes him landlord to a ghost." —LLOYD DOUGLAS, WRITER

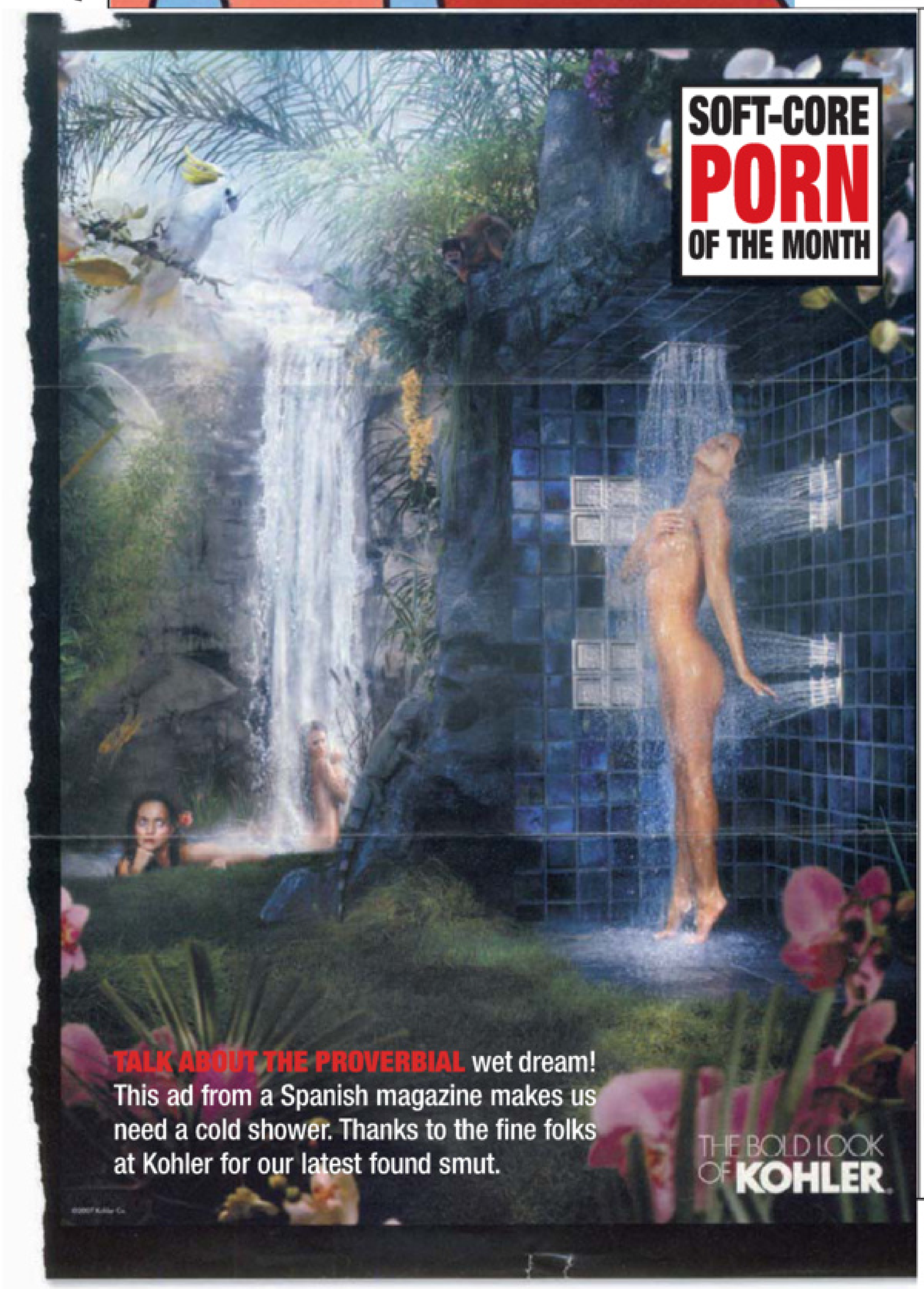


CELEBRITY FANTASY

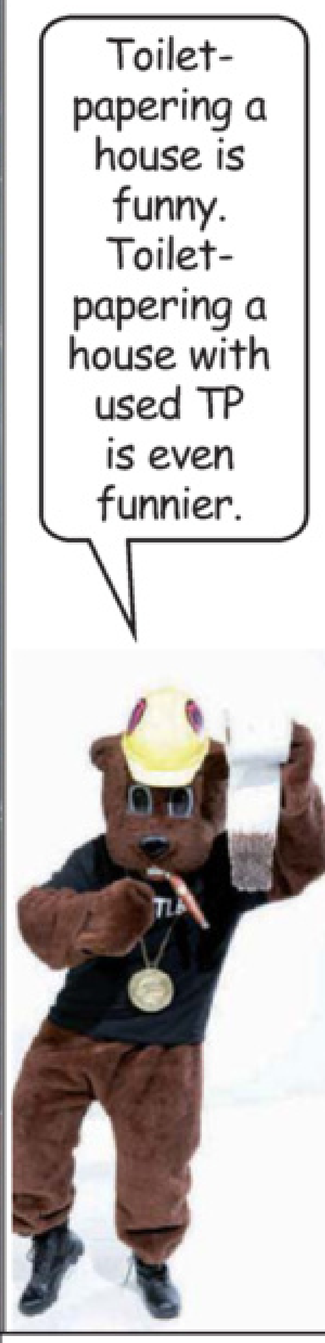
WHAT WOULD *Lisa Simpson* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

ON A RECENT EPISODE OF *THE SIMPSONS*, Lisa Simpson repeatedly stated that a Larry Flynt publication was not a credible source. Come on, Lisa, you should know better. You're supposed to be the smart member of the family. If you had any brains at all, you'd realize that the fine publications at LFP have long been a reliable source for smart and cutting-edge news, stories, information, comedy and photography. For being so dimwitted, Lisa, we've put a symbolic dick in your cartoon kisser.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Lisa Simpson actually exists, as far as we know. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. We would have put a dick in the mouths of Matt Groening (the show's mastermind) and his writers, but no one wants to see that.


SOFT-CORE
PORN
OF THE MONTH
TALK ABOUT THE PROVERBIAL wet dream! This ad from a Spanish magazine makes us need a cold shower. Thanks to the fine folks at Kohler for our latest found smut.
THE BOLD LOOK OF KOHLER.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Halloween Tip #2



HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Wolves in Sheep's Clothing: THE NEW LIBERAL MENACE IN AMERICA

By Stephen Marshall

▶WHATEVER HAPPENED to the '60s generation? As Stephen Marshall points out in his new book, a number of once-ardent radicals have sold out and morphed into Iraq War cheerleaders. *Wolves in Sheep's Clothing* (Disinformation, 2007) skewers these "liberal hawks," notably Harvard's Michael Ignatieff and journalist Christopher Hitchens, who "originated in the New Left [and has] become part of a death cult for democracy" ballyhooing George W. Bush's endless interventions. Thirtysomething Marshall founded the Guerrilla News Network (**Gnn.tv**) and directed the 2004 documentary *Battleground* (which aired on Showtime), as well as the 2005 feature film *This Revolution* (starring Rosario Dawson). *—Ed Rampell*

NEWSBITES

Fuck Disneyland

Looks like it's time to pack our bags and head to merry old England, but not to see Big Ben. London town now has an adults-only theme park that promotes itself as a "love and relationships academy." The attraction features interactive exhibits exploring all aspects of sexuality but doesn't offer rides, which is a damn shame. We were really looking forward to checking out the "Tunnel of Love."

Don't Be a Dick

A German woman found a unique way to rid herself of an aggressive Romeo at a dance club recently. When the guy just wouldn't take no for an answer, the 23-year-old gal unzipped the pest's pants, took out his dick and bit it…hard! The poor dude, who thought he was about to get a blowjob, ended up in a world of pain. You know what they say? Love bites.

Coke Is It

A female substitute teacher in Lewiston, New York, was arrested recently, and we know what you're thinking: Another classroom predator, right? Not this time. The 59-year-old schoolmarm was busted for snorting cocaine in front of several students. When authorities questioned the woman, she turned over a bag of coke and a pen cap and admitted having a problem. Yes, she does. If convicted, the suspect could face up to two years in prison. So in the end, it's the teacher who gets schooled.

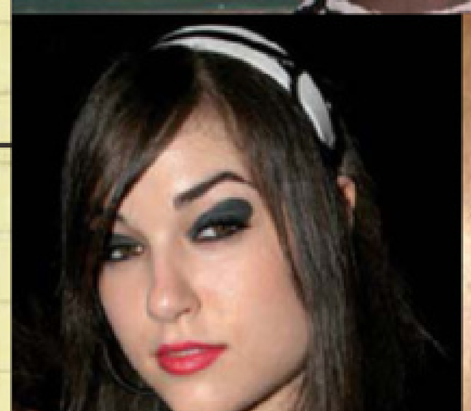
Pet Peeve

Talk about cruelty to animals! An unlucky iguana at a Belgian zoo had to undergo penis amputation after getting a boner that lasted for more than a week. Veterinarians said that the operation was the only solution and justified taking the drastic measure because the lizard, named Mozart, had a spare. Even so, we question if the procedure was medically necessary. It sounds to us as if some animal doctors were envious of a creature having two cocks.

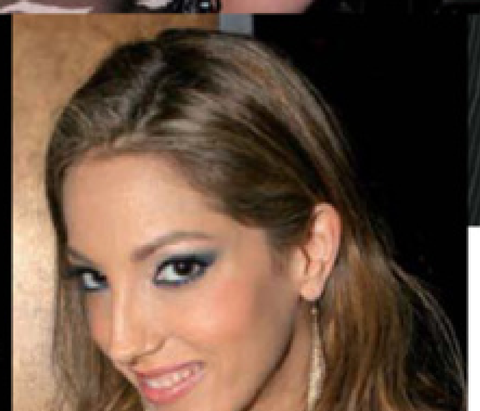
Hillary Scott: Three the hard way.

Your hosts, Evan and Tera

PHOTOS BY RICH STEPHENS



Sasha Grey



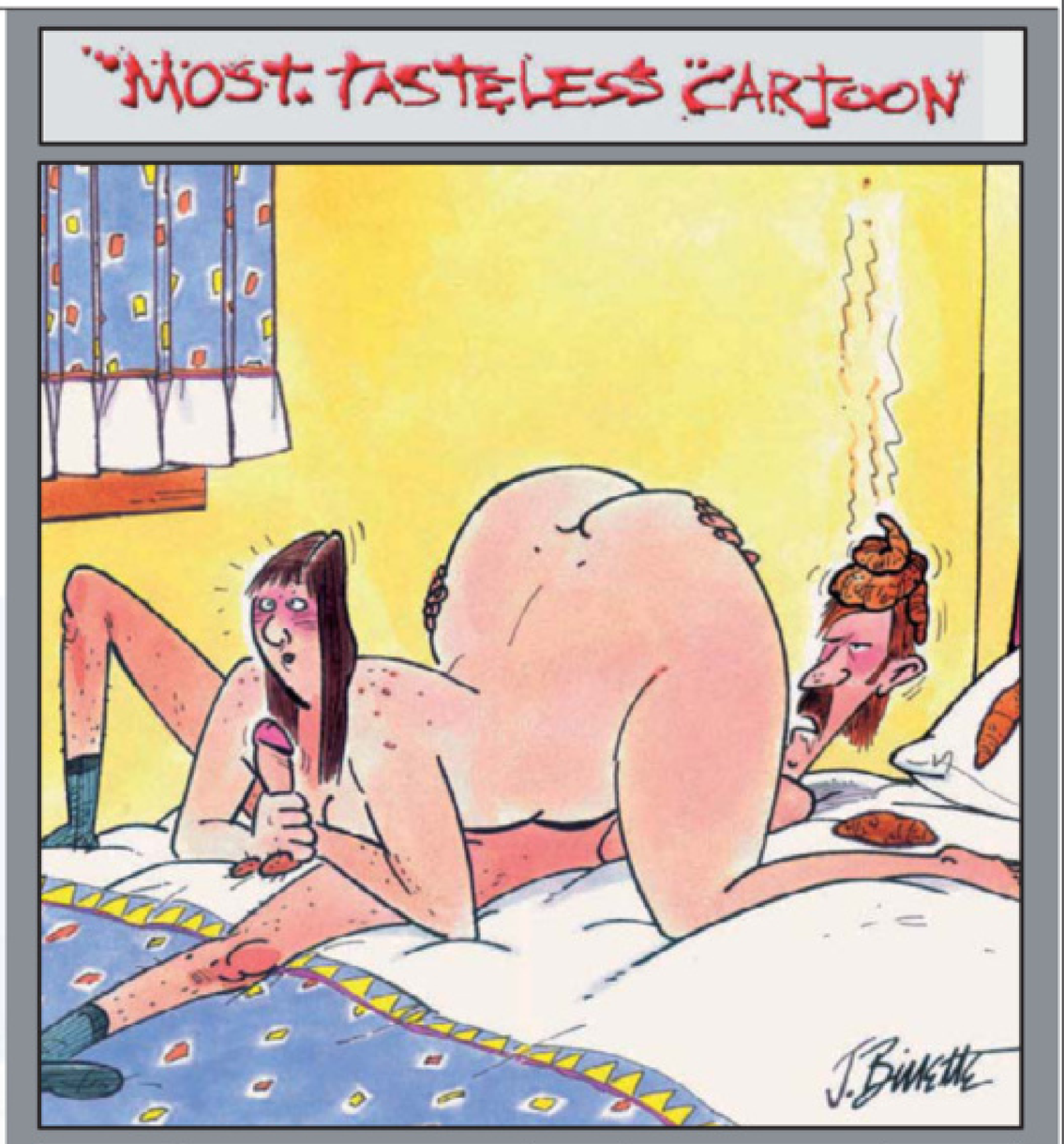
Jenna Haze

THEY CAN'T ALL BE WINNERS

WANNA SEE SOMETHING REALLY SCARY? Another porn awards show! With Tera Patrick and her rocker husband, Evan Seinfeld, as the evening's hosts, the XRCO (X-Rated Critics Organization) recognized outstanding achievement in the adult-entertainment world by handing out heart-shaped chunks of laminated wood. Prominent performers who took home the splinter-prone trophies included Hillary Scott, Jenna Haze, Sasha Grey, Mia Rose and Jessica Drake.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Halloween Tip #3

Carving pumpkins can be a delightful family activity. It's also a golden opportunity to slice off a finger.



"Woman, you gotta learn how to control your bowels when you orgasm!"

"As you know, my position is clear—I'm the commander guy." —GEORGE W. BUSH, SCARIEST PRESIDENT EVER

"Fear is nature's warning signal to get busy." —HENRY C. LINK, AUTHOR

Celebrity Gang-Bang

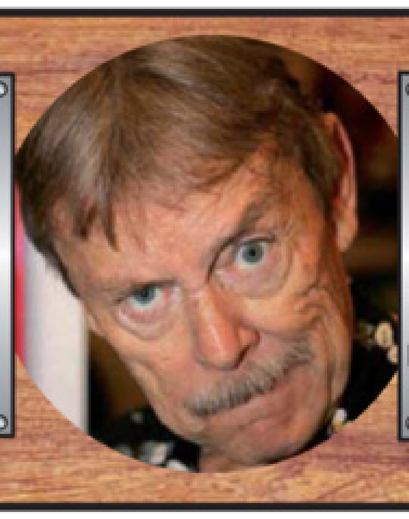
THIS MONTH, EROTIC ARTIST Kovik paints the queen of Halloween horror, Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, in a supersexy group-sex session. Man, that trick really is a treat.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Halloween Tip #4

A man dressing up like a woman on Halloween is acceptable. A man dressing up like a woman on any other occasion makes him gay or Rudy Giuliani.

HUSTLER WILL NOT INTERVIEW THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE BECAUSE THEY ARE DEAD.

DON HO
His tiny bubbles burst.



BOBBY "BORIS" PICKETT
Now the "Monster Mash" really is a grave-yard smash.

BORIS YELTSIN
From Russia with death.

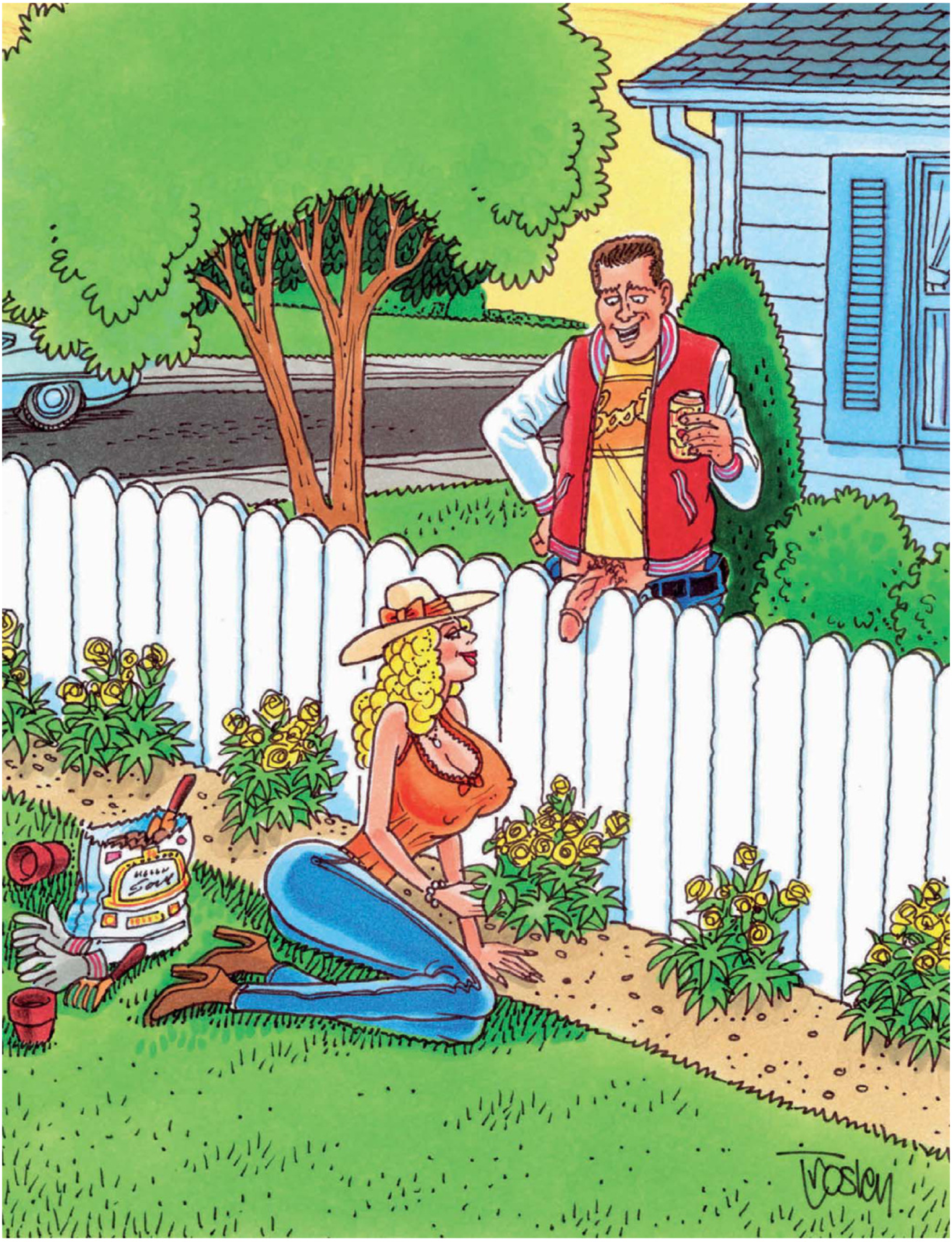
The breast intentions

Darling Nicki

PHOTOS BY CARY RADCLIFF

NIGHT OF THE HUNTER

THE PORN INDUSTRY RALLIED around one of its own at a benefit for Nicki Hunter. Friends of the ailing adult actress, who is suffering from cancer, got together to party hearty and raise $100,000 to help cover Nicki's medical bills.



"Go ahead. I know the law—anything that hangs over your side of the fence is yours to do with as you please."

JAYME LANGFORD

LAST OF THE RED-HOT LOVERS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT

I want to get a few things straight first," commands this fiery newcomer. "My name is **Jayme Langford**. When I first started to do adult modeling, I let some fools talk me into using the name Alana. Also, I hate the fact that everyone assumes that just because I do nude modeling, I fuck guys on film. I do not! I've done some girl-on-girl scenes in porn, and that's cool, but that's as far as it goes."

Now that **Jayme** has set the record straight, what does this petite, small-town girl from Maine like in bed? "I was a late bloomer when it came to sex," Jayme confides. "So I'm kind of making up for it now. When I fuck a guy, I go all out. I want him to feel like he's being screwed by a porn star. I love to fuck like I'm being filmed. My favorite position has to be missionary, but it's not because I'm old-fashioned. I just like to see a man's face when he comes—the way it tenses and then releases. That way I know I've given him life's greatest gift—pleasure!"

Being naked and amorous suits Jayme just fine, but her porn career may be a shorty. “I moved to L.A. to make a splash in modeling,” the headstrong carrottop tells us, “but I don’t know if I’ll stay out here very long. I mean, it’s all just so fake—the people, the tits. I’ll probably go back to school and finish getting my degree in medical biology. I was majoring in that and minoring in political science when I dropped out.”

Education is good, **Jayme**, but nude modeling is preferable.

JAYME'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Dixmont, Maine

AGE: 18

BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius

HEIGHT: 5-3

See Jayme Langford (back when she was called Alana) as a
lesbo coed in *Real College Girls #14* from HUSTLER Video. Call
(toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

When Cassie and Tania greeted each other with a kiss, I marveled that both would soon be mine.

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

Her ass blushed a deeper shade of red with every swat. I was plopped in a lounge chair, jacking off while watching my wife get spanked by her best friend, Tania. *Whack!* Cassie's crimson butt cheeks trembled, and delighted moans escaped her ruby lips. Her thighs glistened with pussy juice.

It was my 30th birthday, and this was my present. Strangely, I wasn't as involved as I had envisioned in my incessant threeway fantasies.

But let me start at the beginning. My wife of three years has always been a good wife. In fact, Cassie is everything an ambitious, young businessman like me could ever want in a mate: beautiful, smart and incredibly adventurous, even inventive, in bed. It was her idea to arrange this birthday ménage à trois.

But I admit, Tania was also *my* choice for the other woman. She's a busty blonde with a bubble butt, the kind you want to crush in your fists and push your face into. Tania has been my wife's best friend for-fuckin'-ever, and she always caught my eye. In retrospect, she might not have been a good choice.

For a week before the big day, Cassie concocted increasingly wild, kinky threeway scenarios and whispered them into my ear while we were making love. In one, Tania was deep-throating my granite cock while the missus licked her pal's twat from behind. In another, I jammed into Tania's keister while Cassie nursed on the blonde's pendulous melons.

My wife described each scene in intricate detail, the musky scent of hot pussy, the sensation of Tania's long, hard nipples jutting against her tongue, my cum splattering on their pretty faces. Fueled by all that pillow talk, Cassie and I had truly amazing sex, with incredible orgasms powered by imagination and anticipation.

Finally, my birthday arrived. Since it fell on a Saturday, I looked forward to a mind-boggling afternoon and evening of unadulterated lust. We decided to start out by the pool, and Tania arrived around noon for a late champagne brunch, looking fuckin' edible in a black bikini, her titties overflowing from the skimpy top. *Mmmmm*. Made my mouth water. Cassie looked outasight too—lithe and tanned in a white one-piece, chestnut curls cascading down her back. When Cassie and Tania greeted each other with a kiss, I marveled that both would soon be mine. By the time they stopped smooching, my cock was throbbing. *Fuck brunch!* Ready to celebrate, I stripped off my trunks.

Walking up behind Tania, I caressed that extraordinary ass for a few minutes, losing myself in the feel of firm booty. Skimming the knockout's bikini bottom down, I pushed my boner into her crack, grabbed a butt cheek in each hand and started jacking. As my prick moved up and down that sizzling crevice, Cassie stripped off Tania's top and proceeded to lick and lap every inch of her best friend's huge hooters. Seemed like a good start to my fantasy threeway.

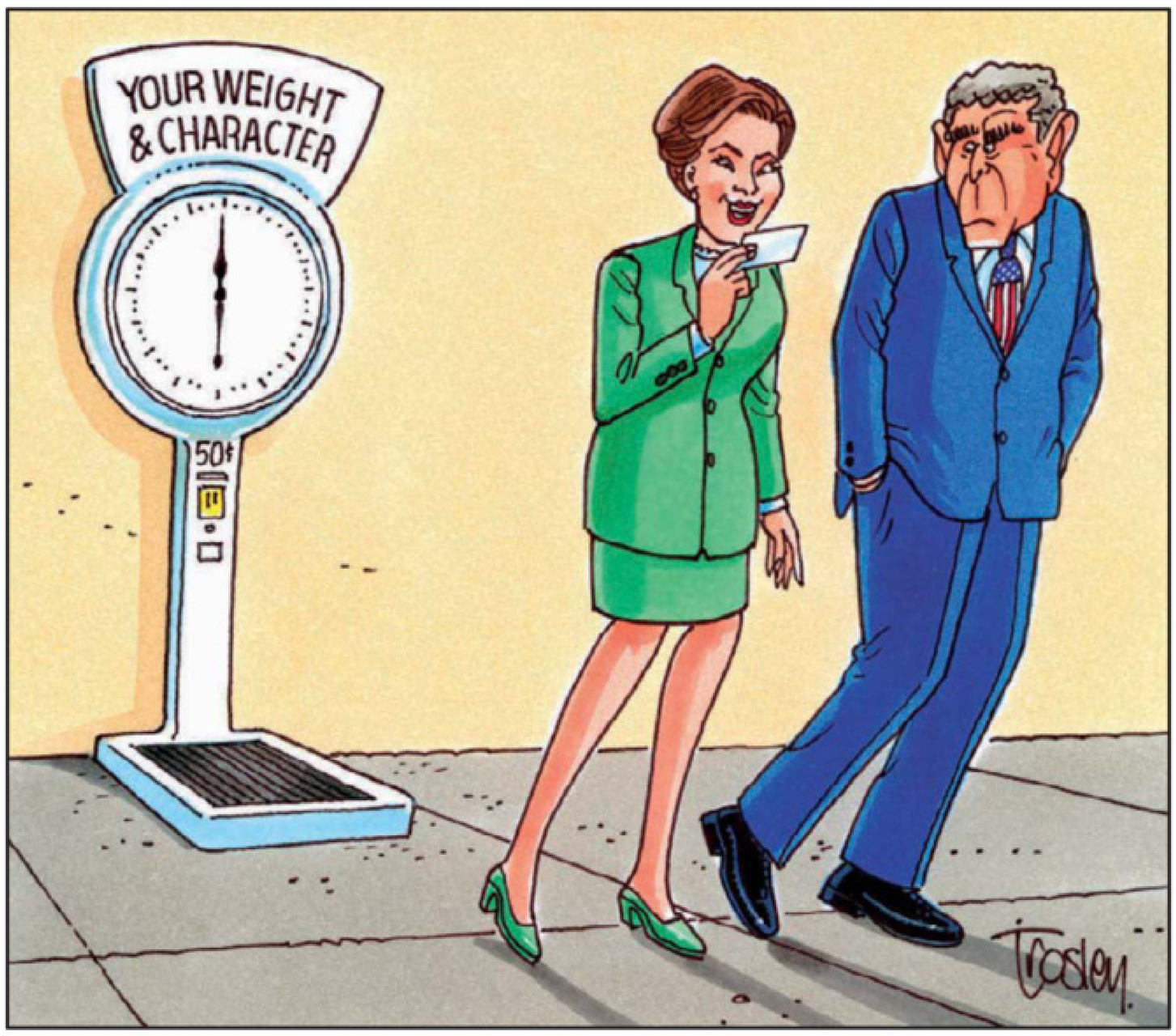
Soon Cassie slipped to her knees to eagerly attack Tania's twat. I could hear nasty slurping sounds, and every now and then my wife's tongue slapped at my nuts. I jacked harder and drizzled spit into Tania's ass crack for lube. I was just about to press my swollen prick cap into her puckered poop chute—my ream dream about to come true—when the babe reached a thrashing climax, lost her balance and tumbled to the grass.

I guess I should have moved a little quicker, because in the time it took me to figure out my next move, Tania regained her senses, pulled my wife across her lap, snatched down that one-piece and started whacking! And there I was, left standing with my throbber in my fist.

The spanking scene was incredibly hot, so I took a seat and started wanking. As Cassie's tush reddened, she wailed and moaned that she loved Tania, that she always had. And that's when I realized our anticipated threesome was all about fulfilling Cassie's fantasy, not mine. I wondered how long she'd wanted to get it on with her best friend—or was this even the first time? Was my perfect wife a dyed-in-the-wool lezzie?

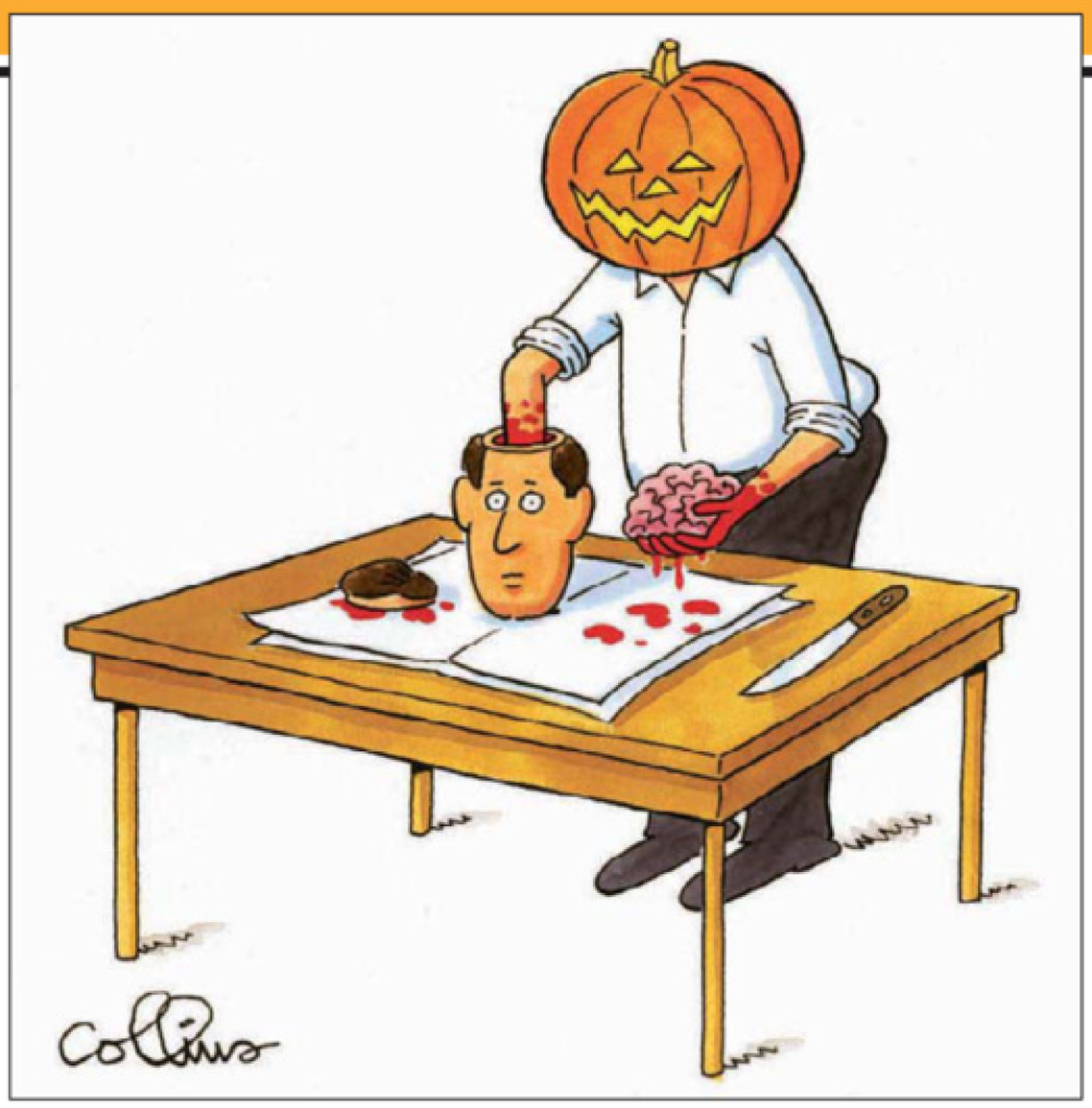
Finally, I decided, *What the fuck!* I walked right up, tangled my fingers in Tania's shimmering hair and insisted on a blowjob. This was *my* threeway, dammit, and it turned out to be a beaut. —J.M.

GARLAND, TEXAS

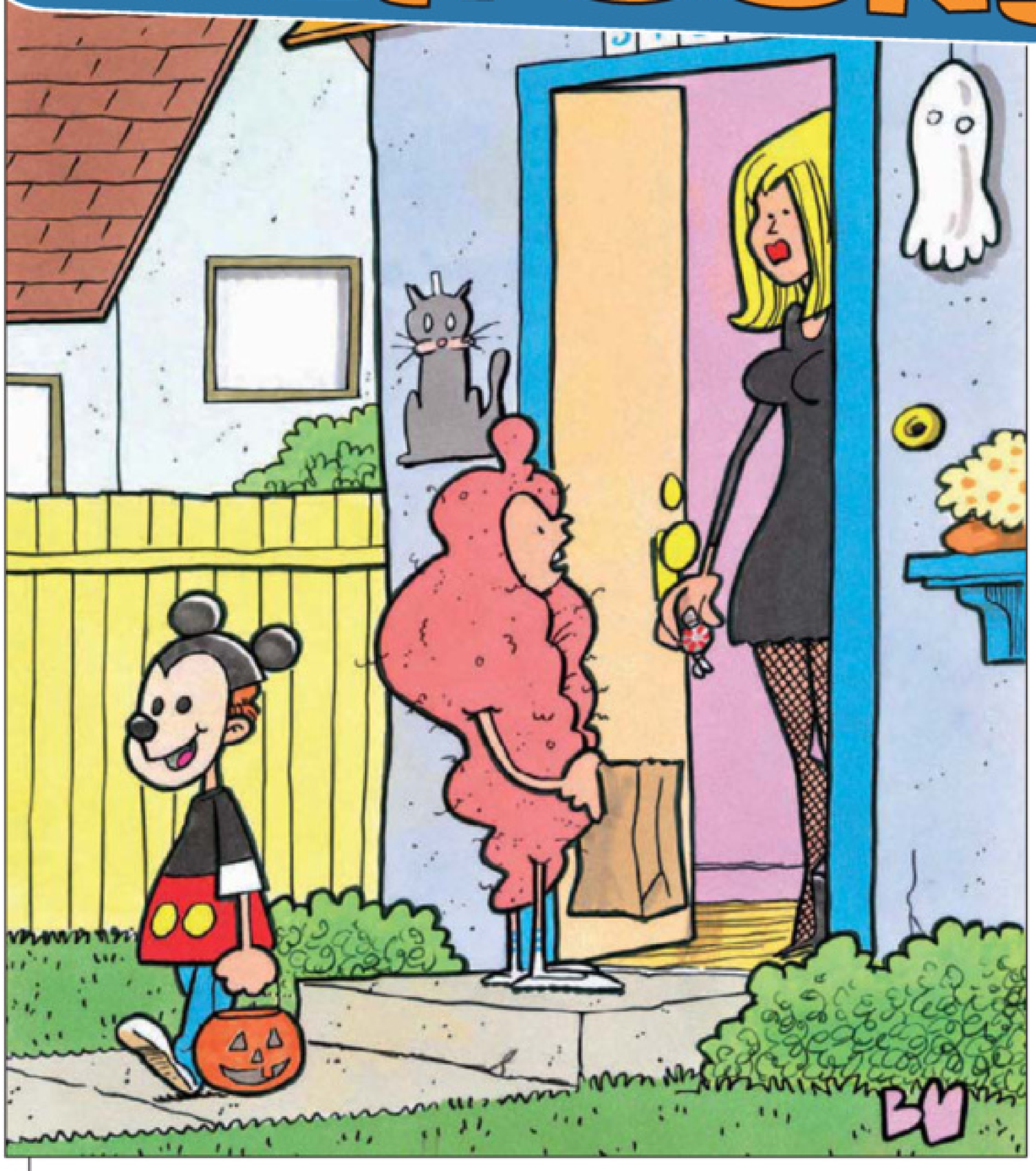


"It says you're insightful, charismatic and a brilliant leader. It has your weight wrong too!"

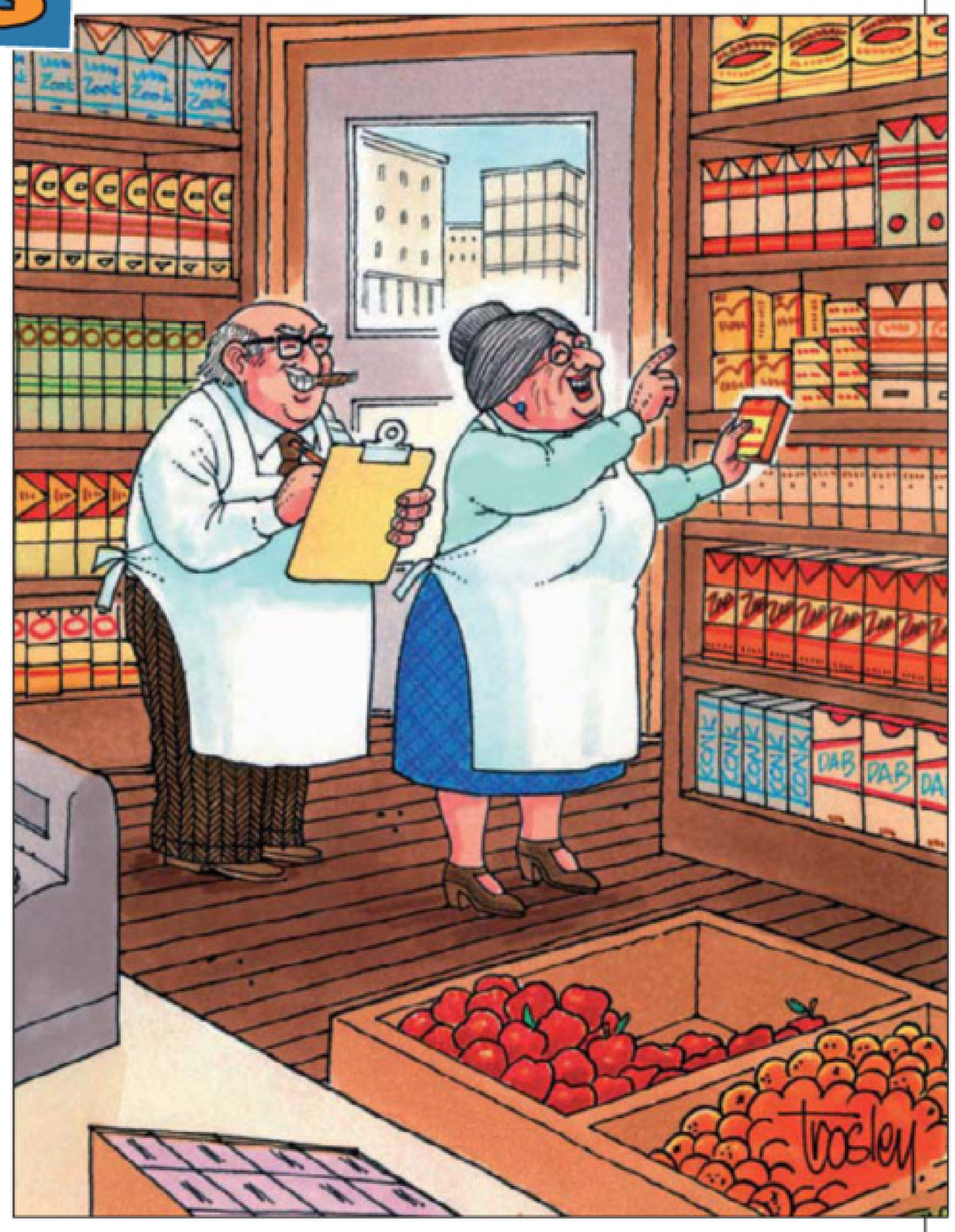
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



"I know I look like a big pussy, but I'm actually supposed to be Dan Rather."



"...And Halloween's coming up. Better double the order of apples and razor blades!"

CAN THE CONSTITUTION SURVIVE ANOTHER 9/11?

PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON, during an interview with the BBC, infamously proclaimed, "When the President says something, it's the law." Since 9/11, George W. Bush, as commander in chief of national security, has maintained this Nixonian doctrine, as has his solicitor general before the Supreme Court, arguing that the President has "the inherent Constitutional power" to bypass Congress and the courts when acting against terrorism.

No one has been more influential in directing and justifying the extent of Bush's "unitary executive" authority than John Yoo. Starting after 9/11, as a Justice Department official, Yoo declared that "no limits can be placed on the President's determination as to any terrorist threat…these decisions under our Constitution are for the President to make."

Yoo persuaded Alberto Gonzales, then counsel to the President, as well as Donald Rumsfeld and the already-convinced Dick Cheney that "in the war on terrorism, the government may be justified in taking measures which in less troubled conditions could be seen as infringing on individual liberties."

Since returning to the University of California, Berkeley's law school, Professor Yoo—in his writing and lectures around the country—has continued to inspire the President's confidence that in the war on terrorism, there must be times when he is the law.

On May 9, 2007, a release from the President and the office of the press secretary provided a chilling prediction of George W. Bush's plans if there is another 9/11—or what he considers to be its equivalent.

Titled "National Security and Homeland Security Presidential Directive," it provides for "the continuity of the Federal Government…in response to and recovery from a national emergency." The plan goes on to especially cite a "catastrophic emergency," meaning any incident, regardless of location, that results in extraordinary levels of mass casualties, damage or disruption severely affecting the U.S. population, infrastructure, government, economy or government functions.

This response will be "coordinated by the President," but the directive pledges that he will also act "with proper respect for the Constitutional separation of powers among the branches." (For the full text of the directive, see White House.gov/news/releases/2007/05/20070509-12.html.)

In view of Bush's record—allowing the lawless spying on citizens by the National Security Agency; the CIA's secretive "breaking" of prisoners suspected of terrorism ties; and much more—the President's "respect" for the Constitution entirely lacks credibility.

Of course, in the immediate aftermath of an undeniable "catastrophic emergency," there must be a coordinated response by the executive—but what will follow? After Abraham Lincoln suspended Americans' habeas corpus rights during the Civil War, authorizing the arrests and military tribunals of many dissenters to his policies, the Supreme Court finally, in 1866 (*ex Parte Milligan*), ruled: "The Constitution of the United States is a law for rulers and people, equally in war and peace, and covers with the shield of its protection all classes of men, at all times and under all circumstances."

George W. Bush has been in serial contempt of this ruling since September 2001. And even when the Supreme Court decided in 2004 (*Rasul* v. *Bush*) and 2006 (*Hamdan* v. *Rumsfeld*) that the administration has violated our own War Crimes Act and the Geneva Conventions in our treatment of prisoners, the White House got the Republican-controlled Congress to actually overturn the Supreme Court in the Military Commissions Act of 2006.

Since the Bush Administration has been the most secretive executive branch in U.S. history, consider what hidden revisions of the Constitution it would undertake following "a catastrophic emergency"—thereby also setting precedents for future administrations. (I am no more confident in Democratic administrations' concern with our Constitutional protections during war or peace than I am in future Republicans occupying the Oval Office.)

With regard to this administration's previous plans for a "catastrophic emergency," in the August 14, 2002, *Los Angeles Times*, Jonathan Turley of George

Washington University Law School—also a litigator in national security cases—wrote "Camps for Citizens: Ashcroft's Hellish Vision."

While attorney general, Turley reported, Ashcroft was considering setting up internment camps for Americans he deemed "enemy combatants." Already on August 8, 2002, a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* (whose news staff is independent of the editorial writers) had disclosed that a military facility in Goose Creek, South Carolina, "now has a special wing that could be used to jail about 20 U.S. citizens if the government were to deem them enemy combatants." When Turley called the Justice Department, which had criticized the basis for his column, he was told by an Ashcroft spokesman that the Justice Department did not deny the *Wall Street Journal* story.

If there is an actual "catastrophic emergency" under this administration, many more than 20 Americans are very likely to be rounded up. By what criteria? Their names on no-fly lists? Their names in the intersecting databases of the National Security Agency, the CIA, the Department of Homeland Security, state and local police forces cooperating with federal intelligence agencies?

If, after the "catastrophic emergency," there is a leak to the press about the existence of these internment camps, how would the American people respond?

I have never forgotten Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis's warning: "The greatest menace to freedom is an inert people."

By now, after many Americans have been so numbed by the disappearance of their privacy and other rights under the USA PATRIOT Act and subsequent executive orders, how much outrage would there be? And as "the culture of fear" deepened, and if the next Presidential administration were to expand those camps, would the streets be filled with dissenters across the political spectrum?

In a recent newsletter by the Washington-based Defending Dissent Foundation, I was not surprised to find that American children of Japanese-Americans "detained" in World War II "detention" camps have filed an amicus brief with the New York State Court of Appeals in the case of more than a thousand people detained in the New York area right after 9/11 (*Turkmen* v. *Ashcroft*).

But how vivid to most Americans is the memory of the more than 120,000 Japanese-Americans whose lives were uprooted by President Franklin D. Roosevelt's orders of imprisonment, which were validated by the Supreme Court of the United States? Later there were apologies, a Supreme Court retreat and token restitutions; but what would happen if American "enemy combatants" across the board were seized after the next "catastrophic emergency"? Keep in mind that this President has put his imprint on the Supreme Court.

David Cole—a law professor at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C.—is a frequent, persistent defender in the courts of victims of George W. Bush's "unitary executive" decrees. Two years ago he asked (and the question now becomes much more pertinent in view of the May 9, 2007, National Security and Homeland Security Presidential Directive): "The real question is, when the next terrorist attack occurs, are we going to remember the lessons that are now being learned about whether we went too far, or is the public going to say we didn't go far enough?"

As of this writing, I have not seen any notice by the press of the portents of the new Presidential Homeland Security Directive. Will it figure in the Presidential debates by either Republican or Democratic aspirants? Listen hard—and speak up! As Thomas Jefferson prophesied: "The People are the only sure reliance for the preservation of our liberty!" Are we?

Nat Hentoff is a historian, jazz critic and columnist for the Village Voice, Legal Times, Washington Times, The Progressive, Editor & Publisher, Free Inquiry and Jewish World Review. His incisive books include The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America; Living the Bill of Rights; Free Speech for Me But Not for Thee; The War on the Bill of Rights; The Gathering Resistance; and, the latest, Is This America?

"I thought about bringing someone in here who knows right from wrong, but that makes me very nervous."

Jerry Falwell talks about his first time.*

FALWELL: My first time was in an outhouse outside Lynchburg, Virginia.

INTERVIEWER: Wasn't it a little cramped?

FALWELL: Not after I kicked the goat out.

INTERVIEWER: I see. You must tell me all about it.

FALWELL: I never *really* expected to make it with Mom, but then after she showed all the other guys in town such a good time, I figured, "What the hell!"

INTERVIEWER: But your mom? Isn't that a bit odd?

FALWELL: I don't think so. Looks don't mean that much to me in a woman.

INTERVIEWER: Go on.

FALWELL: Well, we were drunk off our God-fearing asses on Campari, ginger ale and soda—that's called a Fire and Brimstone—at the time. And Mom looked better than a Baptist whore with a $100 donation.

INTERVIEWER: Campari in the crapper with Mom . . . how interesting. Well, how was it?

FALWELL: The Campari was great, but Mom passed out before I could come.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever try it again?

FALWELL: Sure . . .

lots of times. But not in the outhouse. Between Mom and the shit, the flies were too much to bear.

INTERVIEWER: We meant the Campari.

FALWELL: Oh, yeah. I always get sloshed before I go out to the pulpit. You don't think I could lay down all that bullshit *sober*, do you?

© 1983—Imported by Campari U.S.A., New York, NY
48° proof Spirit Aperitif (Liqueur)

Campari, like all liquor, was made to mix you up. It's a light, 48-proof, refreshing spirit, just mild enough to make you drink too much before you know you're schnockered. For your first time, mix it with orange juice. Or maybe some white wine. Then you won't remember anything the next morning. ***Campari. The mixable that smarts.***

CAMPARI® **You'll never forget your first time.**

*AD PARODY—NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

The People vs. Jerry Falwell

THE PARTISAN PREACHER FACES HIS MAKER—AND HIS UNMAKING.

BY ED RAMPELL

In 1988, HUSTLER'S publisher won a historic Supreme Court case that was immortalized in the Hollywood movie *The People vs. Larry Flynt*. The courtroom clash pitted the Reverend Jerry Falwell against Flynt in a battle royale that came to be known as the preacher versus the pornographer. The flashpoint was a November 1983 HUSTLER parody ad (reproduced on the opposite page) that included a mock interview with Falwell highlighted by a totally off-the-wall "revelation": While both were drunk on Campari liqueur, Falwell had lost his virginity to his mother in an outhouse.

Falwell—ironically, the son of a bootlegger—was unamused and sued Flynt for $45 million. When the dust finally settled, after years of appeals, the self-described smut peddler prevailed over the self-righteous Holy Roller. In a surprise decision the U.S. Supreme Court ruled unanimously in HUSTLER's favor, establishing a First Amendment precedent and vastly expanding Americans' free speech rights.

When Jerry Falwell passed away earlier this year, media outlets sought out HUSTLER's publisher, who declared: "He knew what I was selling, and I knew what he was selling." Flynt sells sex and irreverence—but what exactly was the Reverend Falwell selling?

If religion is "the opiate of the masses," Falwell's theocratic toxic brew, which mixed old-time religion with GOP politics, was the crystal meth of the people. As Senator John McCain (R-Arizona) once observed, the polarizing preacher was "an agent of intolerance," demonizing gays, feminists, non-Christians, secularists and others who didn't share the vicious smear merchant's twisted creed. Before Falwell enters the Pearly Gates, he has lots of explaining to do:

★ The fundamentalist Christian was a racist who called civil rights "civil wrongs." According to Media Matters' Max Blumenthal, "Falwell was a rabid segregationist who railed against the civil rights movement from the pulpit." After the Supreme Court's desegregation ruling, Falwell sermonized: "If Chief Justice Warren and his associates…desired to do the Lord's will…the 1954 decision would never have been made. The facilities should be separate. … [Integration] will destroy our race eventually. … [A] pastor friend of mine tells me that a couple of opposite race live…as man and wife."

★ Falwell called Nobel Peace Prize winner Bishop Desmond Tutu of South Africa "a phony." During a 1980s visit to that country, Falwell criticized sanctions against the apartheid regime and encouraged followers to buy Krugerrands (South African gold coins).

★ On his *Old Time Gospel Hour*, Falwell bashed gays as "brute beasts…thank God this vile and Satanic system will one day be utterly annihilated." Falwell also commented, "AIDS is the wrath of God upon homosexuals." When Ellen Degeneres came out as a lesbian in 1997, Falwell called the comedienne "Ellen Degenerate." In 1999, Falwell accused purple Teletubby Tinky-Winky of being gay. According to the BBC, Falwell condemned *South Park* as "vile and impudent."

★ In Falwell's book *Listen, America!* he decried, "The Jews…are spiritually blind and desperately in need of their Messiah and Savior." At a 1999 evangelical conference, Falwell announced that the Antichrist was alive, male and Jewish.

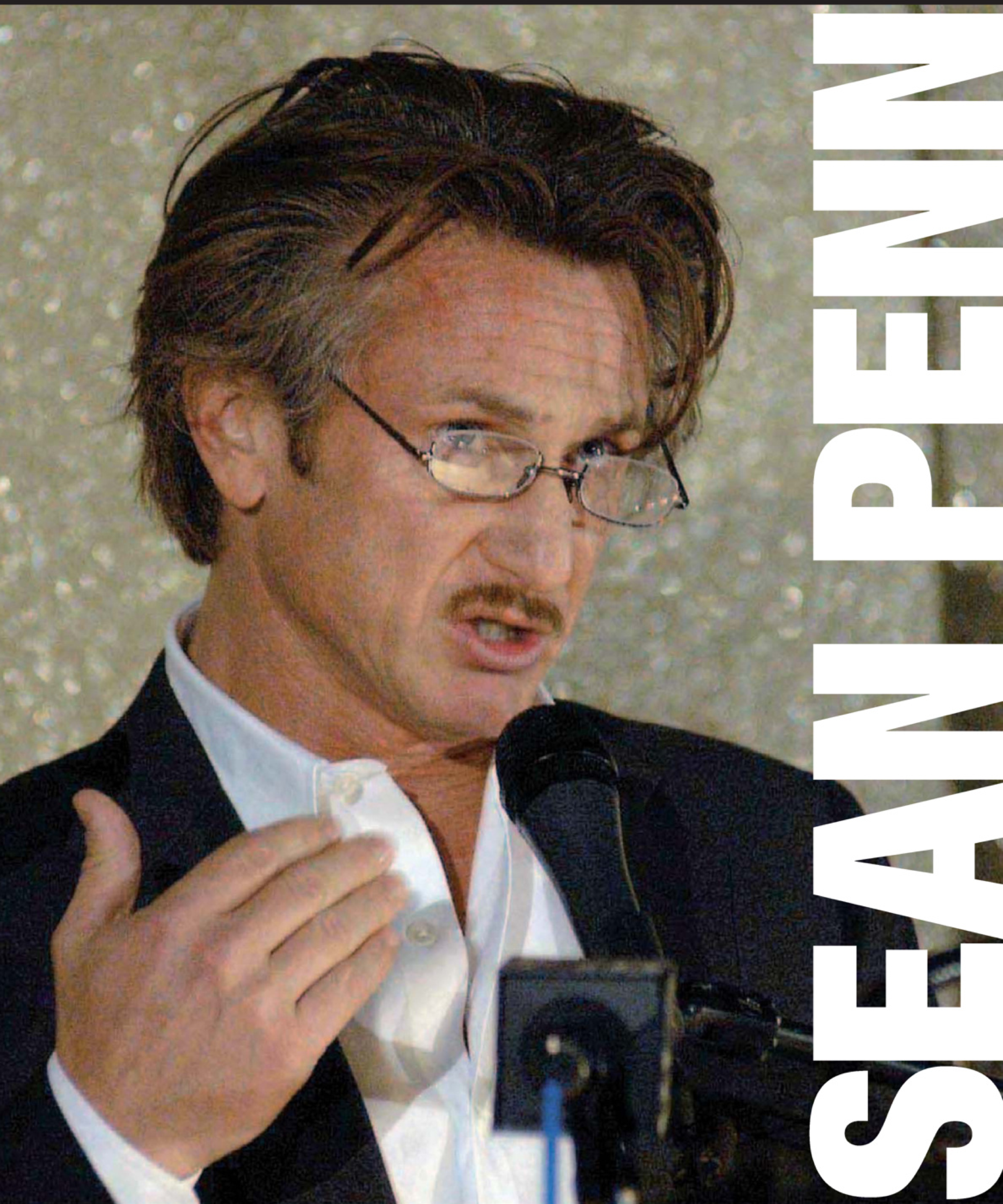
★ In a Bicentennial sermon, Falwell proclaimed, "The idea that religion and politics don't mix was invented by the devil to keep Christians from running their own country."

★ Falwell's most outrageous comment was made on September 11, 2001: "[T]he pagans…abortionists…feminists…and gays… the ACLU, People for the American Way, all of them who have tried to secularize America—I point the finger in their face and say, 'You helped [9/11] happen.'"

In *Finding Inner Peace and Strength*, Falwell boldly pontificated: "The Bible is …absolutely infallible, without error in all matters." But the outspoken and biased preacher was highly selective in his scriptural interpretations. Although the Ten Commandments stipulate "Thou shalt not kill," Falwell didn't oppose capital punishment or the Iraq War. Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, never preached about homosexuality, abortion or Republicans, for that matter. But he often spoke about the poor, calling them "the salt of the Earth…the light of the world."

Falwell's intolerant brand of Christianity was hate-filled. Where in it was the compassionate Christ who rhapsodized so eloquently in the New Testament's 1 Corinthians? "I may be able to speak the languages of men and even angels," Jesus cautioned, "but if I have no love, my speech is no more than a noisy gong or a bell. I may have the gift of inspired preaching…I may have all the faith needed to move mountains, but if I have no love, I am nothing."

Like all fearmongering, hate-spewing, Bible-thumping blowhards, Jerry Falwell was an egregiously noisy gong.


NEW
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An Open Letter to the President...Four and a Half Years Later

BY SEAN PENN

On March 24, 2007, as the Iraq War entered its fifth year, Congresswoman Barbara Lee chaired a town hall meeting in Oakland, California. Among the speakers was antiwar activist/actor Sean Penn, who delivered the following impassioned remarks.

FOUR AND A HALF YEARS AGO I addressed the issue of war in an open letter [in the *Washington Post*] to our President. Today I would like to again speak to him and Mr. Cheney, Ms. Rice, et al. America is still a devastating military superpower because power lies in your hands. It is you who have misused it to become our country's and our Constitution's most devastating enemy. You have broken our country and our hearts. The needless blood on your hands—and therefore, on our own—is drowning the freedom, the security and the dream that America might have been [after] the tragedy of September 11, 2001.

But now we are encouraged to self-censor any words that might be perceived as inflammatory—if our belief is that this war should stop today. We cower as you point fingers, telling us to "support our troops." Well, you and the smarmy pundits in your pocket, those who bathe in the moisture of your soiled and bloodstained underwear, can take that noise and shove it. We will be snowed no more. Let's make this crystal clear: We do support our troops…while you exploit them and their families. The verdict is in. You lied, connived and exploited your own countrymen and most of all, our troops.

You, Misters Bush and Cheney; you, Ms. Rice, are villainously and criminally obscene people, obscene human beings, incompetent even to fulfill your own self-serving agenda, while tragically neglectful and destructive of ours and our country's. And I got a question for your daughters, Mr. Bush. They're not children anymore. Do they support your policy in Iraq? If they do, how dare they not be in uniform while the children of the poor, black, white, Asian, Hispanic and all the other American working men and women are slaughtered, maimed and flown back into this country under cover of darkness?

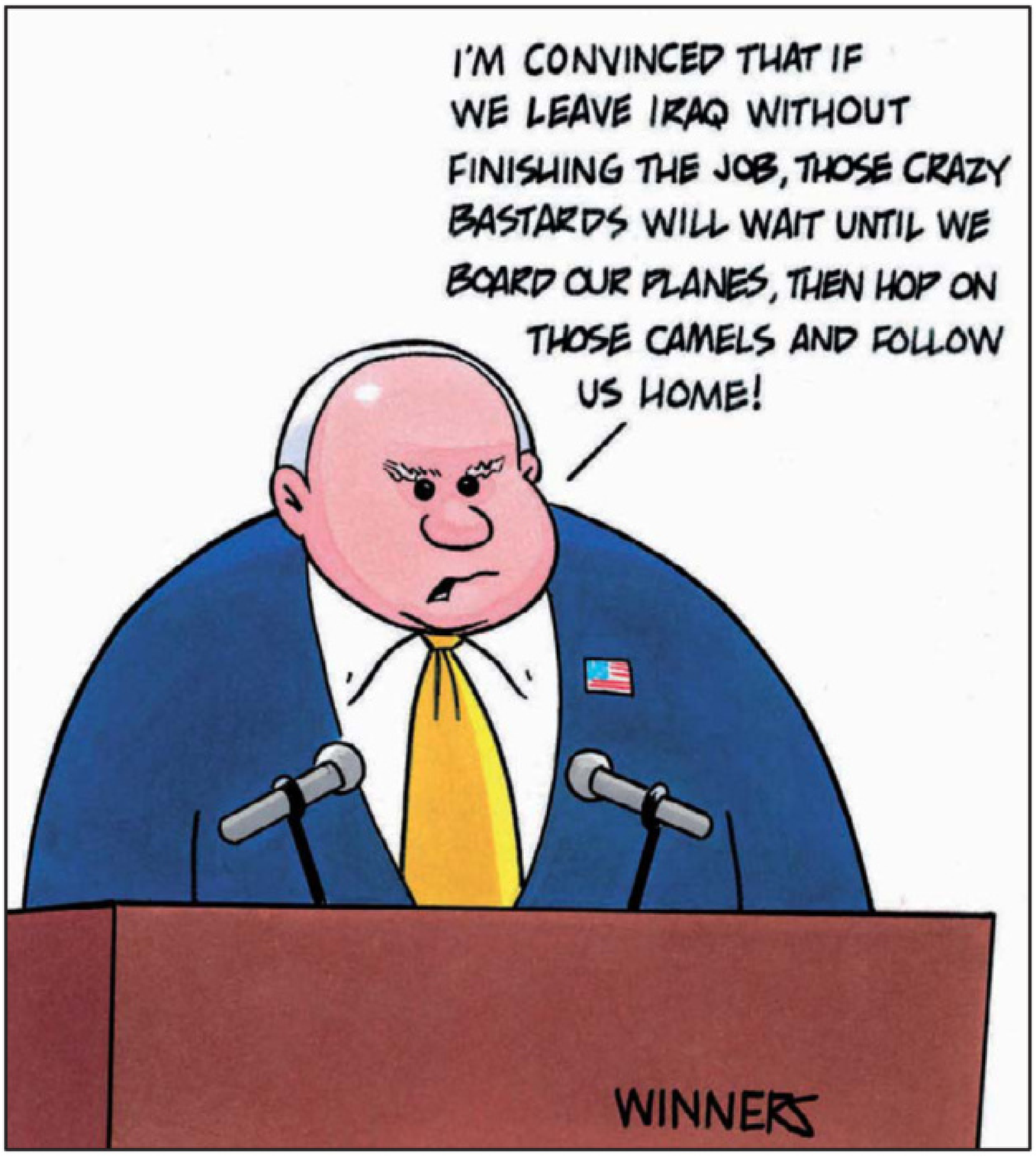
Now, because I've been on the streets of Baghdad during this occupational war, outside the Green Zone, without security, and you haven't, I've met children there. In that country of 25 million, these children have now suffered minimally a rainstorm of civilian death around and among them totaling the equivalent of 200 September 11ths in just four years of war. Two hundred 9/11s. *Two hundred 9/11s.*

You want to rattle sabers toward Iran now? Let me tell you something about Iran, because I've been there, and you haven't. Iran is a great country. A great country. Does it have its haters? You bet. Just like the United States has its haters. Does it have a corrupt regime? You bet. Just like the United States has a corrupt regime. Does it want a nuclear weapon? Maybe. Do we have one? You bet. But the people of Iran are great people. And if we give that corrupt leadership (by attacking Iran militarily) the opportunity to unify that great country in hatred against us, we'll have been giving up one of our most promising future allies in decades. If you really know anything about Iran, you know exactly what I'm referring to. Of course, your administration belittles diplomatic potential there, as those options rely on a credibility and geopolitical influence that you have aggressively squandered worldwide.

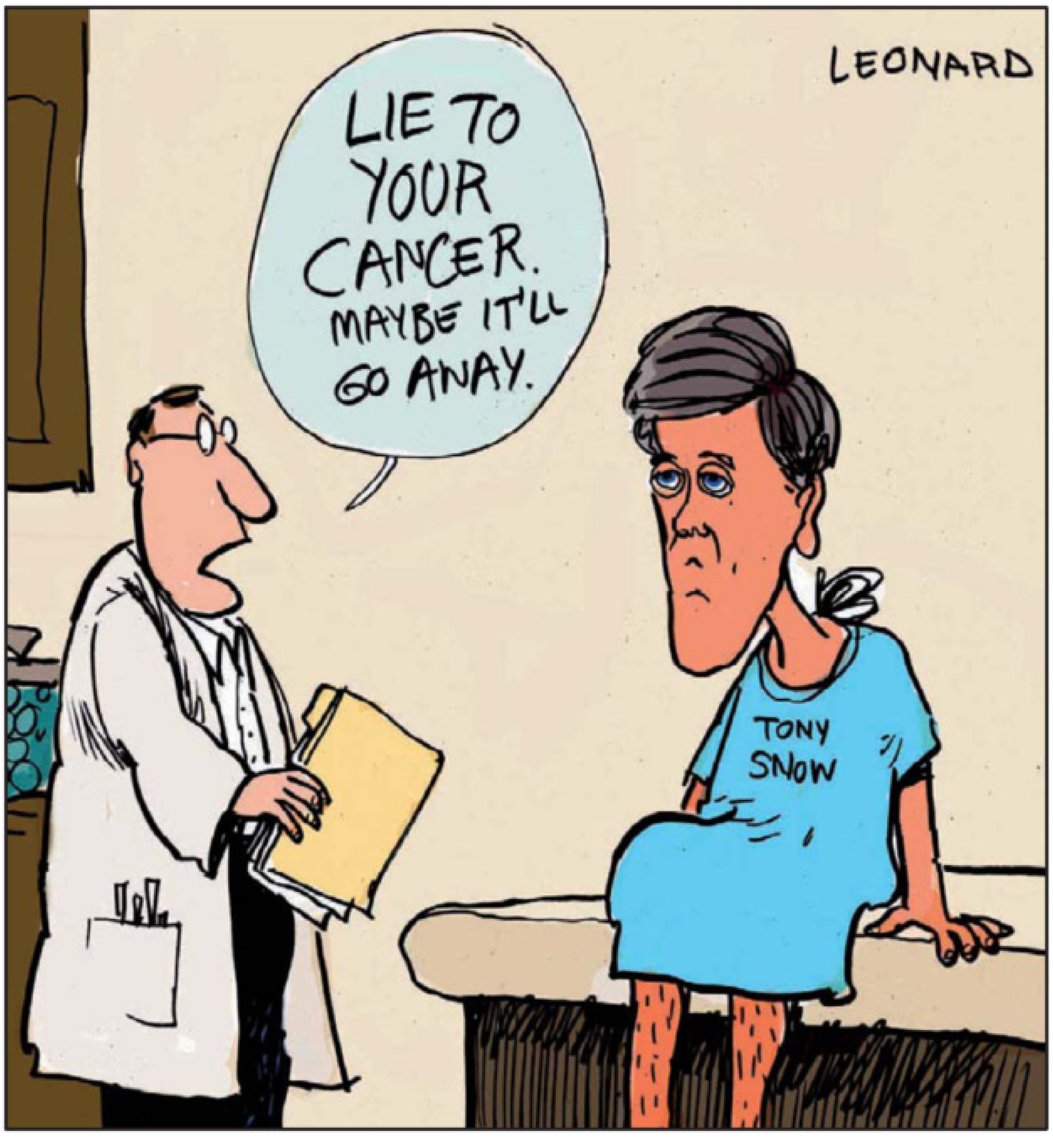
Speaking of squandering, how about the billion and a half dollars a day our Iraq-focused military is spending. … Three weeks of that kind of spending would pay the tab on a visionary levee-building project in New Orleans and relieve the entire continent of Africa from starvation and the spread of disease. Not to mention the continued funds now necessary to not only rebuild our education and healthcare systems, but also to give care and aid to the veterans of this war, both American and our Iraqi allies and friends who have lost everything.

You say we've kept the War on Terror off our shores by responding to a criminal act of terror through state-sponsored unilateral aggression in a country that took no part in that initial crime. That this war would be fought in Iraq or

Susan Sarandon (left) and Jane Fonda join Sean Penn at a January '07 antiwar rally in Washington, D.C.


I'M CONVINCED THAT IF WE LEAVE IRAQ WITHOUT FINISHING THE JOB, THOSE CRAZY BASTARDS WILL WAIT UNTIL WE BOARD OUR PLANES, THEN HOP ON THOSE CAMELS AND FOLLOW US HOME!
WINNERS

SENATOR INSANE McCAIN



SEAN PENN

fought here. They are not our toilet. They are a country of human beings whose lives, while once oppressed by Saddam, are now lived in Dante's inferno.

My 15-year-old daughter was working on a comparative essay this week. (You can ask Condi what a comparative essay is, as academic exercises fit the limits of her political expertise.) My daughter's essay, which understood substance over theory, discusses the strengths of the Nuremberg trial justice beside the alternate strategy of truth and reconciliation in South Africa, and I quote: "When we observe distinctions between one power and another, one justice and another, we consider the divide between retribution and reconciliation, of closure and disclosure." I can't do her essay justice in this forum, but at its core it asks how, when and why we compromise toward peace, punish for war, or balance both for something more.

This may focus another soft spot in the rhetoric of both sides. We're told not to engage in the "politics of attack." To "keep away from the negative." Well, Mr. Bush, when speaking of your administration, that would leave us silent and impotent indeed.

So, in conclusion, I address my remaining remarks to the choir: We all played nice recently at the sad passing of former President Ford. Pundits and players on all sides revisited his pardoning of Richard Nixon with praise, stating that a divided nation found unity. But what of that precedent on deterrence now? Where is justice now? Let's unite, not only in stopping this war, but holding this administration accountable as well. Without impeachment, justice cannot prevail—in our time or our children's. And let's make it clear to Democrats and Republicans alike that we are not willing to wait on '08 to hear them say again: "If I'd known then what I know now."

Even in a so-called victory, what we saw yesterday was a House of Representatives that couldn't bring itself to represent either conscience or constituents. It's a tragedy that the Democratic Party's leadership in Congress refuses to allow the House to vote on Barbara Lee's amendment for a fully funded, orderly withdrawal of U.S. troops from Iraq by the end of this year. Elites circled the war wagons against this proposal and postponed the day of reckoning that must come as soon as possible: a complete pullout of U.S. military forces from Iraq. [In May '07 the House voted down, by a 171-255 vote, a withdrawal proposal.]

There are Presidential candidates who understand this. We do have candidates of conscience. As things stand today, I will be voting for Dennis Kucinich, who has fought this war from the beginning. You might say Kucinich can't win. Well, we have an opportunity to reestablish the credibility of democracy as viewed by the world at large.

We can fire our current President. We can choose the next President. You and me, the farmer in Wisconsin, the boys at Google and Bill Gates.

It's up to us to choose. Why don't we choose?!

GEORGE W. BUSH BEGINS TO REALIZE THE WORLD IS CLOSING IN.

CLARENCE, WOULD YOU GET ME A HAM SANDWICH AND AN ICED TEA?

WHY DON'T YOU JES GET IT YERSELF, YOU LYIN', HONKY WARMONGER!

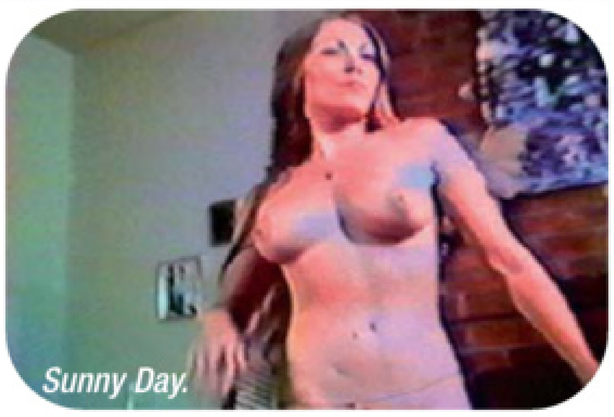
J. Billette

Alex Bennett mans the camera for Midnight Blue.

Kinky leather factory, 1976.

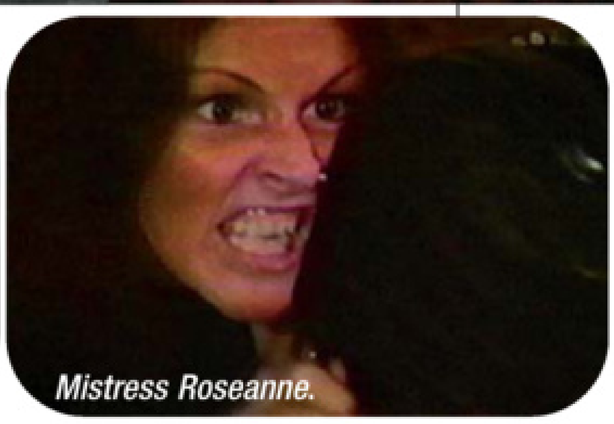
Dare to be bare, 1977.

Sunny Day and Bruce David.



Sunny Day.

Bruce David, 1975.



Mistress Roseanne.

PORN ON TV: THE BATTLE O

HOW I RUINED TELEVISION AND HEL

BY ALEX BENNETT

I WAS AT MY NEW YORK CITY BANK BACK IN 1974. It was still a time when people waited in line to cash a check or make a deposit. In front of me was Bruce David, who was working at *Screw Magazine*, the infamous Al Goldstein sex tabloid, and also producing "the *Screw Magazine* of the air" on public-access television. Due to a stipulation in their franchise agreements with the city of New York, Manhattan Cable Television and Teleprompter had to allocate certain channels to citizens for their use for a nominal fee on a first-come, first-serve basis. Moreover, the cable companies were prevented from tampering with a program's content unless the producer was breaking some law. It was inevitable that America's most outrageous sex publication would put that agreement to the test.

Bruce, whom I only vaguely knew, asked me what I thought of the show. I said that doing it in a studio and bringing in guests wasn't as good as going on location. Bruce agreed, explaining the show didn't have the equipment to go outside the studio. But I did! It was my hobby. At a time when few individuals owned a video camera, I not only had a black-and-white camera (color was way too pricey back then), but also a portable recorder and an editing machine. Even though I was a radio broadcaster at ABC with a nightly talk show, video had me mesmerized.

Bruce and I made a pact: We'd become a team. Video was truly going to "kill the radio star."

First we changed the name of *Screw*'s show. The cable companies dictated that a public-access program could not contain the name of a commercial product. They also wanted us to air much later, after midnight, because of the racy content. We came up with the name *Midnight Blue*, which combined the new time slot and one of our inspirations, a controversial Canadian TV program called *The Baby Blue Movie*.

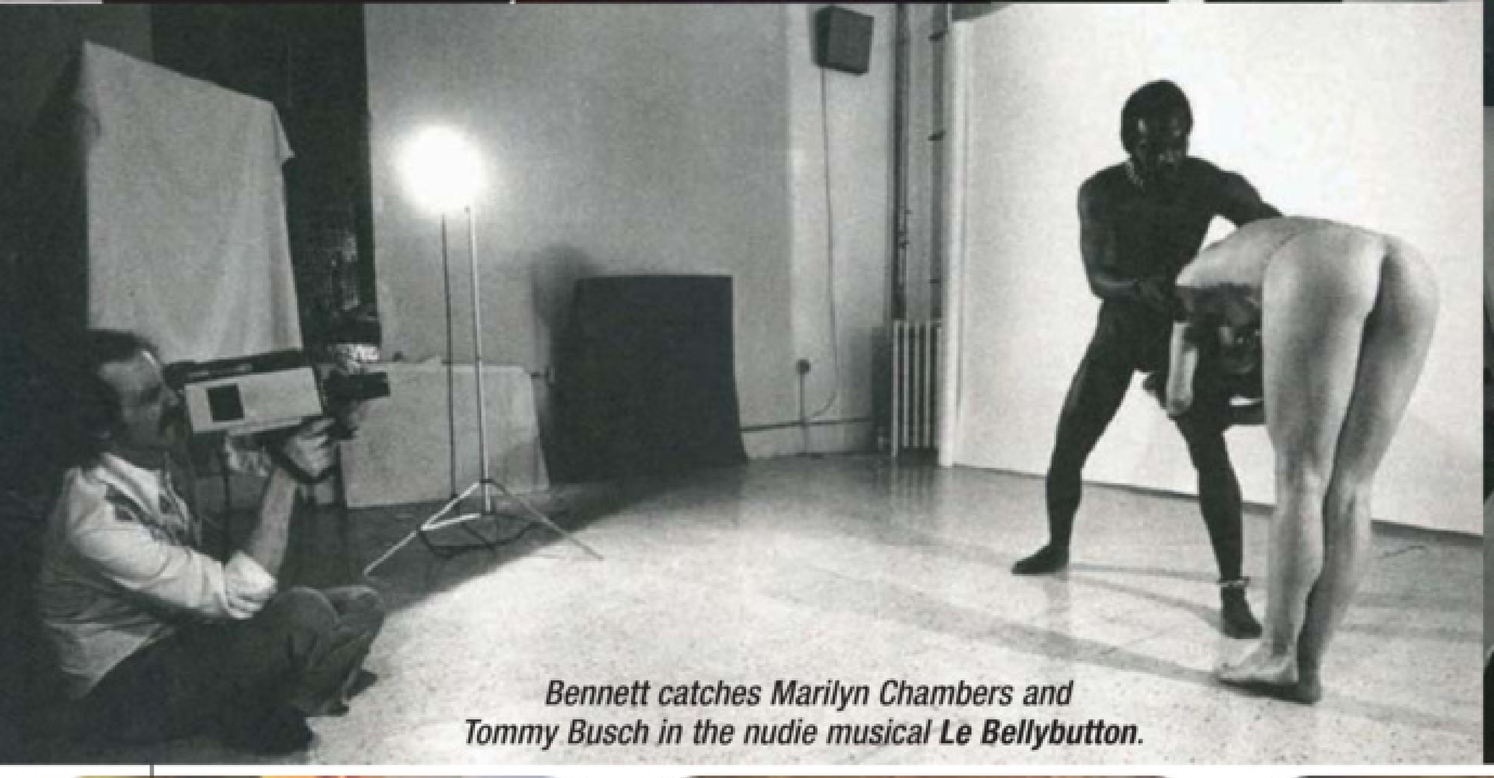
Bruce and I made a good team. Between his bizarre sense of

Bennett as the Silver Surfer.

Video centerfold, 1977.

Mistress Roseanne.

Big Apple massage parlor, 1976.



Bennett catches Marilyn Chambers and Tommy Busch in the nudie musical **Le Bellybutton**.

PHOTOS BY ANNE RINESTONE

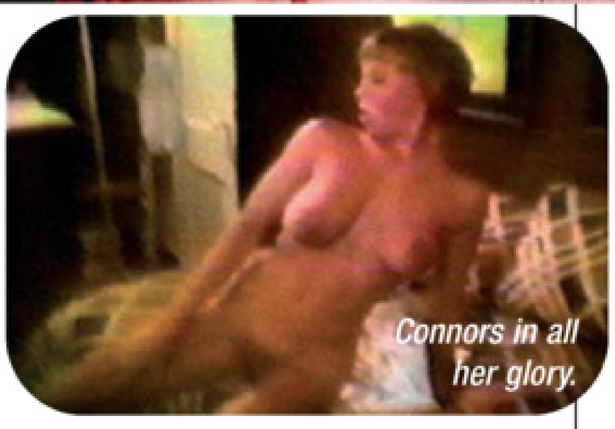
Annie Sprinkle gets Xeroxed.

Getting kicks out of licks, 1976.

Mistress Roseanne and slave, 1975.

Roseanne raises more hell.

Carol Connors striptease.



Connors in all her glory.

F MIDNIGHT BLUE

PED COARSEN AMERICAN CULTURE.

humor and my artful horniness, we managed, in a very short time, to capture the eyes, hearts and libidos of New Yorkers, becoming the most-watched and well-known cable show in the Big Apple. Bruce and I couldn't go anywhere without being recognized.

We were, for lack of a better comparison, the *60 Minutes* of sex, getting write-ups in everything from *Playboy* to the *Village Voice* and *Variety*. Bill Greeley of *Variety* compared us favorably to the *Tonight Show*, then starring Johnny Carson. Eventually word got back to us that Sammy Davis Jr. was having taped episodes flown out to the West Coast so he and his friends could watch *Midnight Blue*.

Segments covered everything from a swingers convention to strip joints, gay clubs, even a topless tropical fish store where real fish were the customers. Other aspects were downright freakish. There was a man who could blow himself, a 400-pound stripper, a guy named "Ugly George" who videotaped women he coaxed to strip in alleyways (see page 42) and a dominatrix who beat her slave while Ringo Starr could be heard singing "You Always Hurt the One You Love."

Manhattan Cable and Teleprompter were not amused. They began censoring the show—yanking it from the schedule—for ill-defined and inconsistent reasons. We battled them in the media, including on their own cable channels. Whenever a show of ours was pulled—ostensibly for obscenity—we instructed the cable companies to run a clip we had prepared. There was no nudity whatsoever in our filler, but we did relentlessly and viciously bash the cable companies' CEOs by name. After a few airings of that tape, they began to back off.

Bob Morton, who went on to become the producer of David Letterman's shows on NBC and CBS, once told me in those days that he was selling cable door-to-door and that *Midnight Blue* sold more subscriptions for him than anything on the air at the time. Although the cable companies were making a fortune off of us, we had yet to make a dime since the programs were not allowed to air commercials.

Bruce and I worked together for about a year, producing almost a show a week on a budget of $50 per episode. Sometime during that period, Goldstein—our partner, who stayed more or less behind the

scenes—finally kicked in $25,000 for Sony ENG color equipment, state of the art at that time. We were now competitive, technology-wise, with the network news.

Near the end of 1975, Bruce left to become Managing Editor of HUSTLER, leaving me to raise our baby. *Midnight Blue* eventually moved to a new "public lease" channel with the same philosophy as "public access" except that we could air commercials. The money and the audience piled up. We were a smash! And we were having a blast.

When I say we, I include the ragtag bunch that had gravitated to this project.

Then the news broke that the show was going to be the subject of the House Oversight Committee on Telecommunications. A hack Congressman from Brooklyn named John M. Murphy asked the panel to allow the airing of his complaints about how filthy New York City's cable TV had become. He was especially livid about this scourge known as *Midnight Blue*.

I was about to receive a major civics lesson.

What started out as a legislator pulling a cheap shot turned into, as some wags would name it, "Midnight Blue Day" on Capitol Hill. Cable company execs and lawyers hopped on Murphy's bandwagon. I was able to get the chairman of the committee, Lionel Van Deerlin, to sponsor me, and off I went to Washington, tapes under my arm.

Walking up the stairs and through the doors of the Sam Rayburn Building, I felt as if I were in a Frank Capra movie: *Mr. Bennett Goes to Washington*. Wow! *Maybe my government will listen to me*, I thought. *Maybe this is a democracy*.

For the first time in years I was wearing a suit. I was going to show my respect for these hallowed standard-bearers of our democracy. Boy, was I in for a letdown.

The proceedings began with testimony by Congressman Murphy. As expected, he railed against the horrid filth—particularly *Midnight Blue*—being presented on New York's cable television.

Next up was Charlotte Schiff Jones, the V.P. in charge of programming at Manhattan Cable Television. She issued excuses and apologies on behalf of the company, claiming she too was appalled by what was being aired. However, Jones said, Manhattan Cable could do nothing about it due to franchise protocol.

Now it was my turn. I chose my words carefully: Sex is the political issue of the '70s, I opined, whether it's women's lib, gay rights or sexual freedom. This was the Zeitgeist of the times in which we lived. We were, I said, a program that attempted to satisfy the needs of today's audience. Then I made the case that we were a bunch of avid videomakers and artists who, quite frankly, were having the time of our lives expressing ourselves with new-

WILL "UGLY GEORGE" COME BACK?

DANNY SCHECHTER, THE NEWS DISSECTOR, SLICES AND DICES AN EARLY CABLE ICON.

UGLY GEORGE is probably not someone you would bring home to meet your parents. Notorious for years on New York City's late-night cable-access sex scene, George Urban was an audacious, self-made TV personality whom viewers loved to hate—but often also loved to watch, even when denying they did.

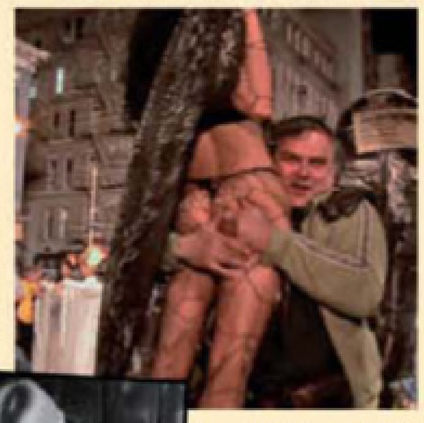
Here was reality television long before reality TV, *Girls Gone Wild* decades before the idea of young lovelies baring their breasts for the camera was in vogue. Ugly George relentlessly roamed the streets of Gotham in a silver lamé, superhero-style jumpsuit with a bulky camera pack on his back, a gimmick he claims actor Bill Murray ripped off in *Ghostbusters*.

His schtick was to find young women and persuade them to follow him into "dimly lit hallways" to undress for an often-grainy, poorly shot show called *The Ugly George Hour of Sex, Truth and Violence*. His antics always raised two questions: How did he get away with it? And why would women cooperate?

Urban's "hits and misses" were the staple of the 700 outrageous programs he produced while playing the role of "Professor Ugly," lecturing his "students" with a mix of sarcasm and sexism. His stance reeked of flamboyant self-promotion laced with dismissive putdowns of any man who dared speak to him while he was out "chasing tits." His stabs at humor amused many, but also branded him as a symbol of sleaze.

George was, he claimed, on a crusade against "hypocrisy," but his wacky endeavors got him tossed off the Time Warner Cable system five times for gratuitous sex and other crimes. (Time Warner itself has since aired sexual content on HBO that makes Ugly's old shows look tame.)

Ugly George became a cultural icon in the Manhattan of the 1970s, the era of discos like Studio 54 and sex clubs like Plato's Retreat, when films like *Deep Throat* were the rage, and the now-Disney-fied Times Square was the porn capital of the world. New York's then-Mayor Ed Koch called the area a center of *schmutz* (a Yiddish word for something repulsive, such as animal waste or worse).



Koch is one of the characters I turned to in making a documentary about "His Ugliness," whose brashness is still there, even as he seems to have fallen on hard times with no visible means of support. However, Urban is driven by perennial hopes for a return to fame, relying heavily on global Internet exposure via his Web site, ***UglyGeorge.com***.

As a media critic, I decided to make a nonfiction film because the issues of obscenity on TV have been resurrected with a repressive vengeance. This past April, for example, shock jock Don Imus lost his radio job (and MSNBC simulcast) due to sexually and racially derogatory remarks leveled at Rutgers University's female basketball team.

Titled *D-Cups, Pickups & Ugly George's Sex Machine*, this is a documentary you have to see to believe. In one scene we filmed Ugly prowling for busty women to flash him at the annual Halloween parade in Greenwich Village. An attractive girl who remembered him from her childhood asked us sneeringly, "Are you making a documentary about *him?*" And then she tellingly remarked, "Terrifying!"

A former ABC and CNN producer, Danny Schechter makes documentary films (such as In Debt We Trust) for Globalvision and is the "blogger in chief" of ***MediaChannel.org****, the world's largest media-issues network.*■

found freedoms. Outside of a few questions, I felt as if I were playing to Mount Rushmore.

I then invited committee members to another room, where they could view a presentation of bits from the show. I can't remember what was on the tape except for one piece shot at a gay strip club. It showed a chorus line of men, their dicks flapping in the breeze to the tune of "Baby Face."

On the way back to the hearing room, the head of the committee was laughing and joking about what he had seen. Walking beside me, he said, "Very funny, kid!" We were in. We had succeeded. They loved it.

As we all took our seats, the chairman looked at us. I waited for the acclaim I knew was forthcoming. "This is some of the worst filth I have ever seen!" he declared.

What?! We had just been screwed big-time. My government was fucking me in the ass. Although the committee made no ruling, we at *Midnight Blue* were now officially pariahs. To this day I've never trusted my government to be honest.

Meanwhile, at the very top floor of the Time-Life Building in Manhattan, forces were conspiring to undo us. (Cue the Death Star music!) Headley Donovan, the top man at Time-Life, called a meeting to discuss *Midnight Blue*. The lawyers advised him nothing could be done because of the franchise with the city. "I don't care!" Donovan reportedly yelled. "Take them off the air!"

And so it was done. *Midnight Blue* had been silenced: The smallest of media entities was squashed under the weight of the biggest.

We kept fighting, courtesy of the ACLU. Eventually we were allowed back on the air, but with stipulations that we change the show's name and that we toe the line. We decided on *American Blue*. After a year or so—with memories of the Congressional hearings fading—*Midnight Blue '77* was introduced. In 1978 the name *Midnight Blue* was restored, but the groundbreaking program was never the same.

In the early 1980s I was at a party, where I was approached by an NBC executive. "I just wanted to thank you," he said.

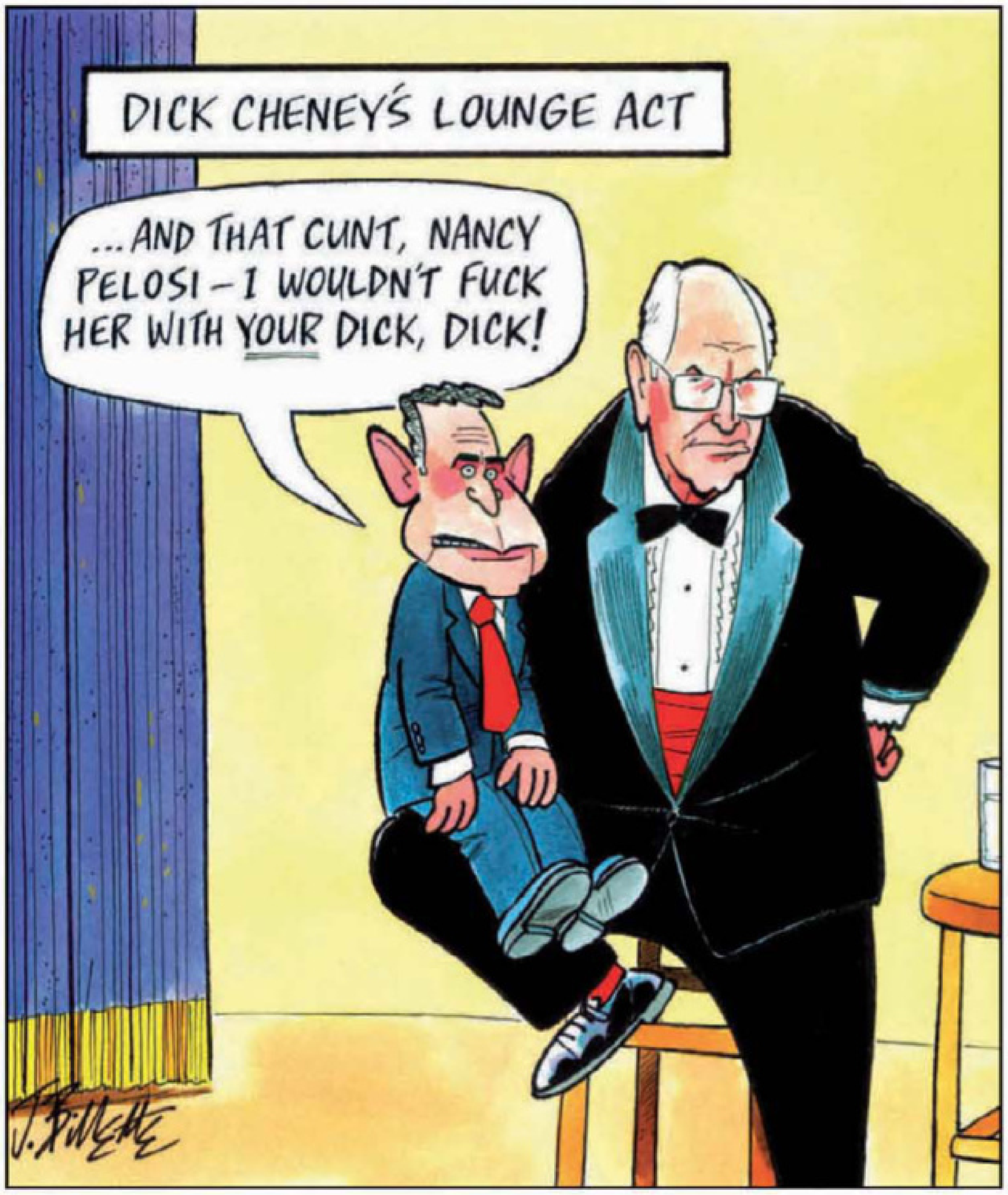
"About what?" I replied, somewhat bewildered.

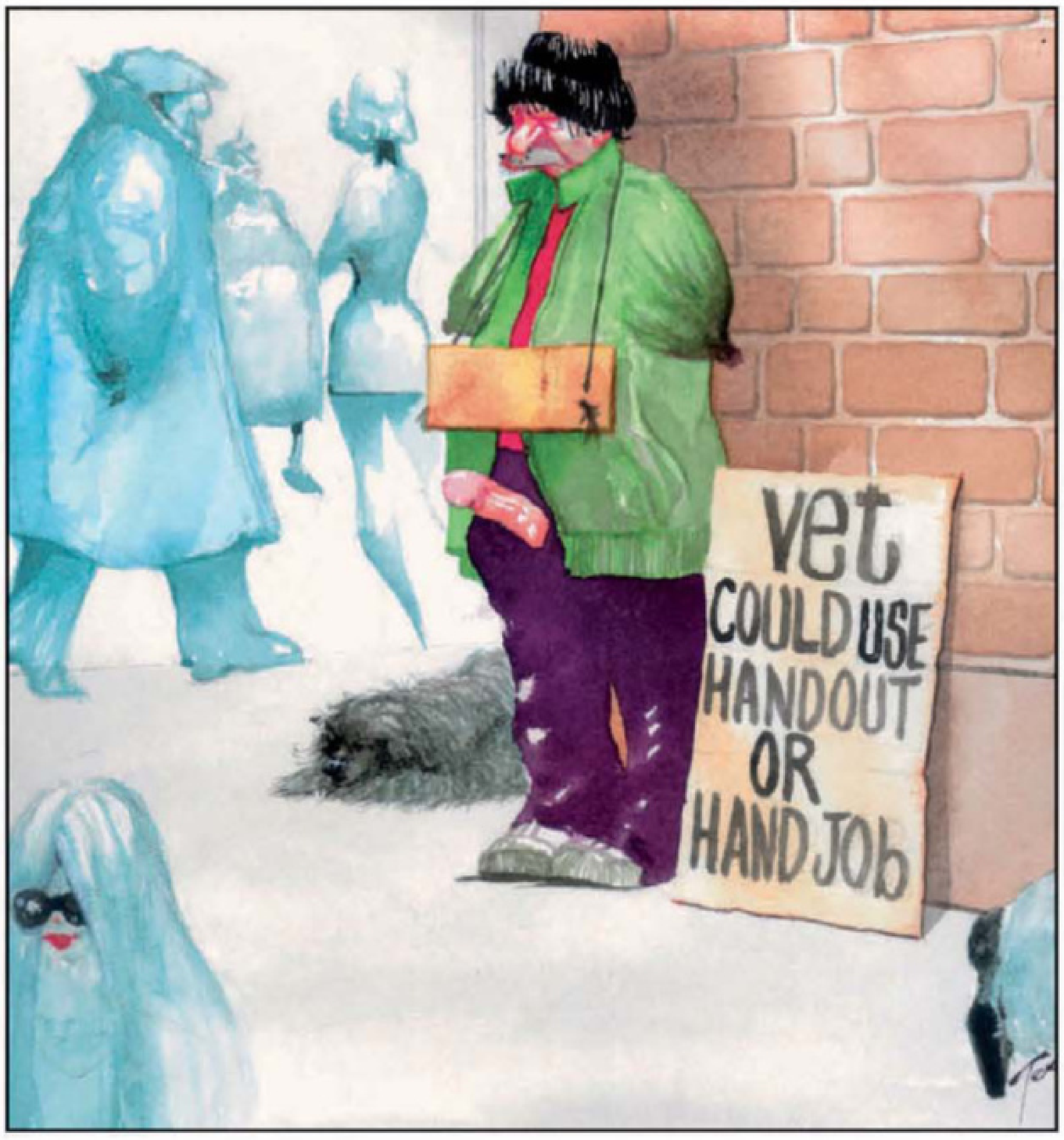
"I want to thank you for *Midnight Blue*," the exec went on to say. "Your program made it easier for us to move the boundaries of what we do up a notch."

I had sacrificed a radio career for this television rampage that Bruce David and I had created, but that moment alone made it all worthwhile.

In 1989 I left *Midnight Blue* and returned to almost-nonexistent AM/FM opportunities. Meanwhile, *Midnight Blue* hung on until the collapse of Al Goldstein's empire in 2003. Today I can be heard on Sirius Satellite Radio's Left 146, Bruce is now Editorial Director of HUSTLER Magazine, and Congressman John M. Murphy is retired—but not before spending three years in prison for getting caught up in an FBI sting operation called ABSCAM.

Just another happy ending.





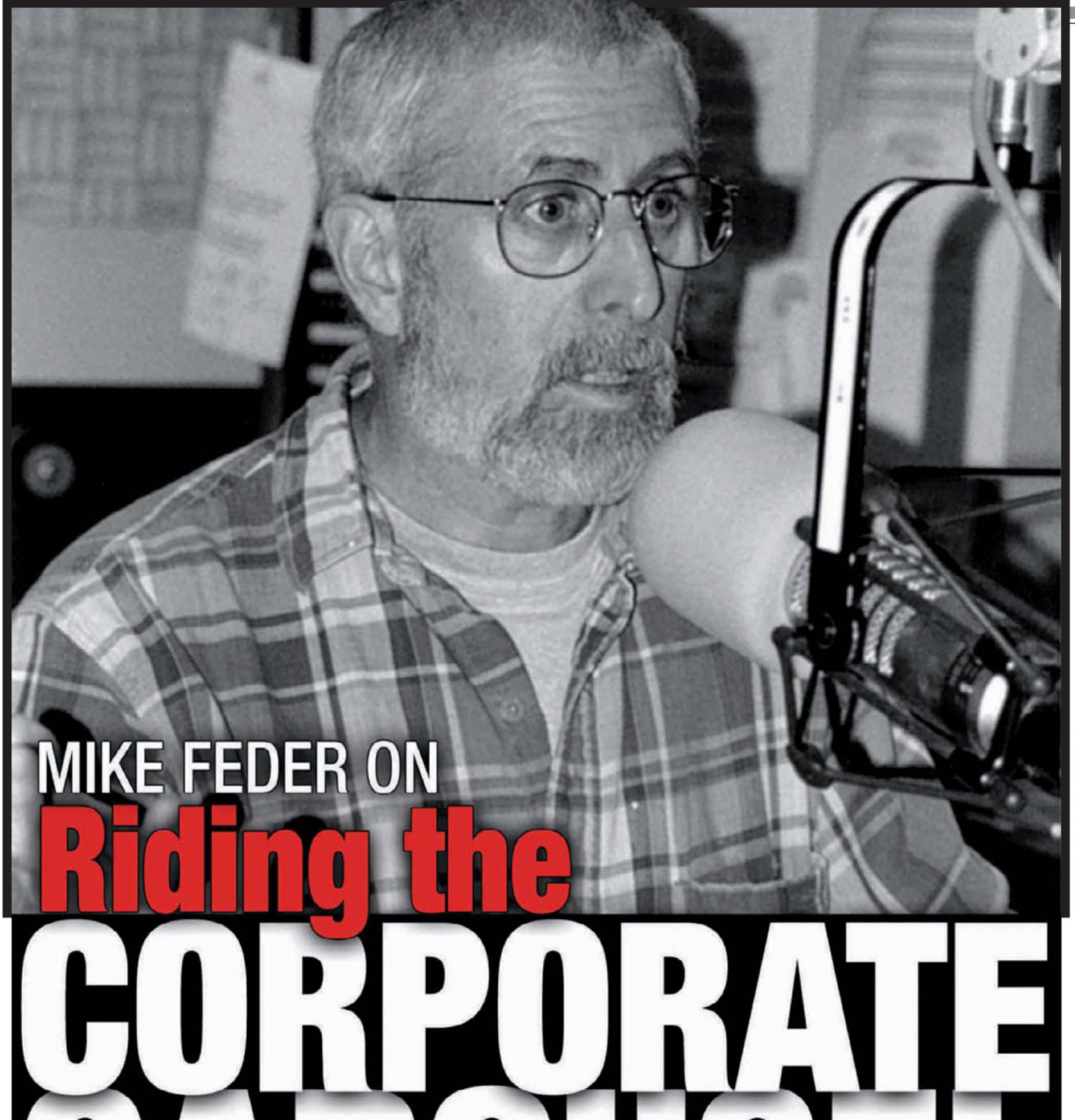


PHOTO COURTESY MIKE FEDER

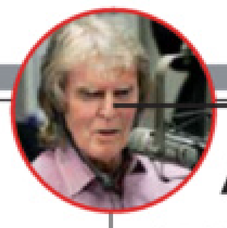
MIKE FEDER ON

Riding the CORPORATE CAROUSEL

IMUS... Play with his name a little, and you get "I'm us." And, in a profoundly sad way, Imus is us. He is America. He is/was/will be again when he gets hired someplace else an angry, powerful, bigoted, white man.

But at the same time, Imus is also a victim of the culture that gave birth to him, nurtured him and made him a sort of god to begin with. And in the end, everybody was in on his crucifixion: his corporate sponsors, the executives at CBS, his lackeys and sidekicks, even, in a way, his listeners...everybody. And, of course, Imus was a victim of his own godlike delusions.

Upon his return to ancient Rome, a commander who'd won a great battle or who'd massacred and subdued yet another horde of "barbarians" was feted with a triumphal march through the city, riding on a



ARE WE ALL RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FALL OF SHOCK JOCK DON IMUS?

HUSTLER Looks at Free Speech: PART 5

golden chariot with tens of thousands of screaming onlookers throwing flowers and shouting his name—ultimately to be crowned with laurels by the emperor.

Lest this conquering hero get too carried away by his own magnificence, a fellow Roman was appointed to ride in the chariot with him and periodically whisper in his ear: "You're only a man. You're only a man."

So who was telling Imus all these years that he was only a man? His CBS employers? No. "You're a god, Imus. Here's another contract extension." His sponsors? No. "We're thrilled to be onboard your million-listener show."

Was Imus's sidekick and producer, the dubious Bernard McGuirk, telling Imus anything he didn't want to hear? No.

And what about Imus's guests—the authors, journalists, politicians? No again. They needed his listenership to sell their books and to bask in Imus's refracted glory.

And whose silence was the greatest? His listeners, without whom, ladies and gentlemen, he would never have gotten so carried away with himself. It was like having a nonstop Roman celebration and no one to tell him he was only human.

I think Imus deserved every bit of his humiliation short of the firing. It was hypocritical. And after all, the man isn't just a mindless bigot. He's also an intelligent, generous man who has helped a lot of people.

But whatever the final judgment, Imus is, again, only one man. If we learn anything from this guy's humiliation, we must see that Imus was really a supreme symbol of something particularly American.

This country is owned and operated by shock jocks. The biggest shock jock in the country sits in the Oval Office. Surrounded by sycophants and corporate vultures—just as Imus was for 30 years—mean-spirited, insulting and out-of-control George W. Bush shocks (and awes) the world with his invasions and threats of invasions. Is anyone more arrogant, insensitive or hurtful than the Shock Jock in Chief?

See George W. Bush in his crotch-enhanced jumpsuit on the carrier deck, smirking, strutting and slapping hands while people—in our own country and overseas—are dying from hunger, disease, poverty and violence, dying as the direct result of his abuse and neglect. Think of Bush's response to Katrina or his treatment of veterans. See his military "surges" and crazy efforts to infect the whole government—and, in turn, the whole country—with his born-again lunacy.

Given all this, you have to wonder why the thought police even bothered to pick on Imus, an aging, fake cowboy, spewing petty shit from a radio studio.

America is a shock-jock culture. Just watch a couple of nights of television. The most popular programs are all about ridiculing and demeaning people, making even bigger clowns of sad losers who see a slim possibility for fame or money. And it's not just *American Idol*, *Survivor*, *Fear Factor* and *The Apprentice* that are to blame. It's the last two decades of daytime shows, from Oprah to Dr. Phil—shows where poor, disturbed jerks come on and reveal their sad lives to millions of people who are only too happy to see somebody worse off than they are.

It's not the programs alone; it's also the commercials—all about nastiness. People are knocked down, blown up, insulted. Spewing pollution, roaring machines scream across forests, deserts, lakes—it's all speed and noise, winners and losers, just to peddle useless crap to a junkie culture already trillions of dollars in debt.

And, of course, all of this is incestuously connected. The lust for money from the corporate sponsors impacts the content and style of the programs. Meanwhile, the programs shape the content and style of the culture at large, which, in turn, spends its money on the products made by the sponsors of the programs. It's a whirling carousel of predatory consumption in which real thought and feeling, and any consideration of humanity and decency, are utterly lost.

So why pick on Imus when he is merely one more fish swimming in a toxic cultural ocean?

Imus, the poor, nasty sap, said the wrong thing at the wrong time about the wrong people—and he's paying dearly for it.

But before that, he was the one getting paid—and paid well. CBS and Imus's sponsors made millions from his show, and that necessarily included profiting from his long-running abuse of powerless people. Now, having encouraged and helped Imus to do this all these years, his employers and sponsors are shocked…*shocked!*…to discover that he is offensive and that people are hurt by his insults.

Well, anyway, Imus is out. But I don't think he'll be out for long. Other shock jocks—not to mention politicians and "commentators"—are still saying worse things on radio and television every day.

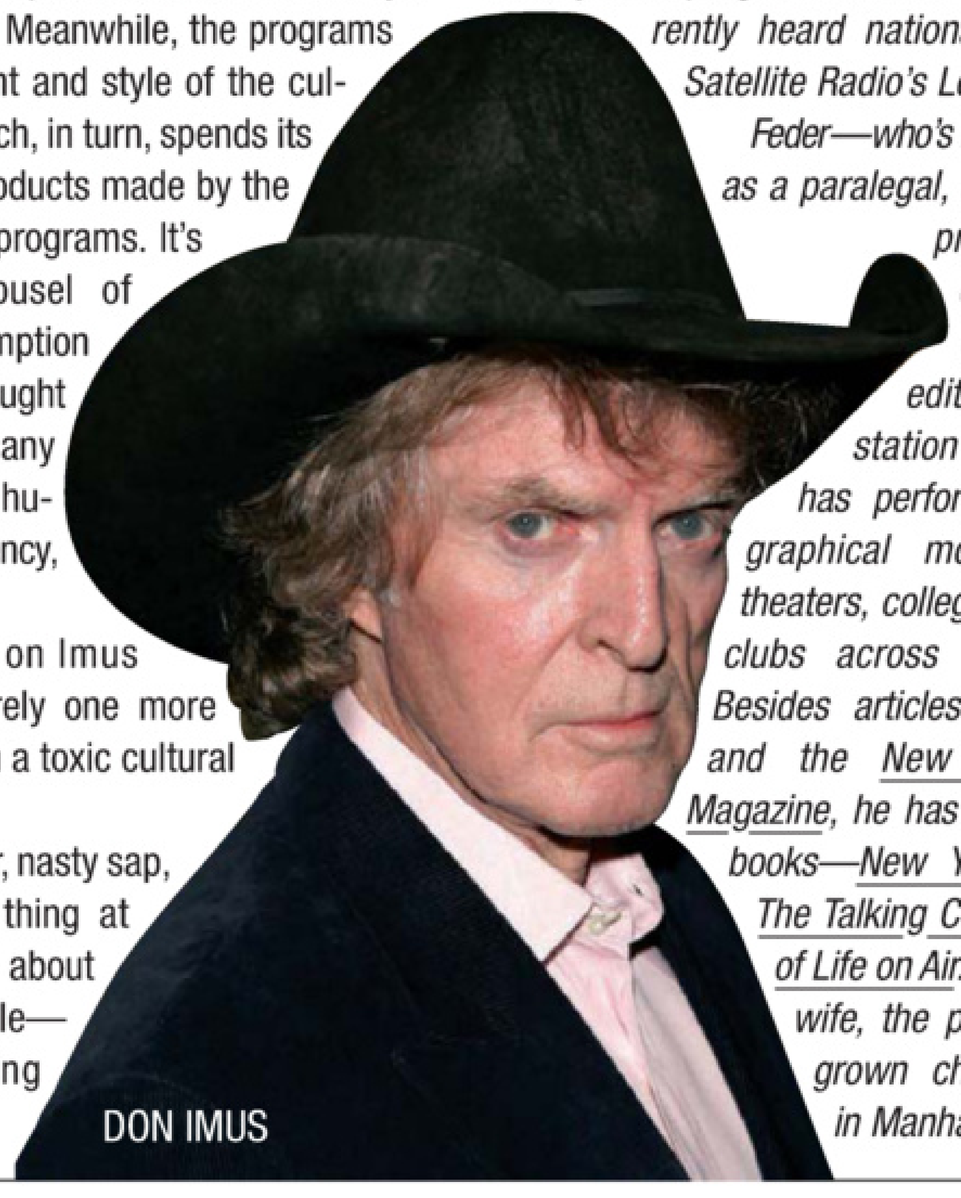
For better and for worse, Imus will rise from the dead. The real question is, will America raise itself up from the toxic soup it has been cooking itself in for the past couple of decades?

Can this country rescue itself from the retro-swamp of power, greed, violence and bigotry into which it has sunk?

Like they used to say in what I like to think of as the good old days of radio, stay tuned.

Mike Feder grew up in New York City, where for over 25 years he was the host of a weekly radio program on WBAI-FM. He is currently heard nationally on Sirius Satellite Radio's Left 146.

Feder—who's been employed as a paralegal, social worker, probation officer, bookstore owner, book editor and radio station manager—has performed autobiographical monologues in theaters, colleges and nightclubs across the country. Besides articles for Harper's and the New York Times Magazine, he has authored two books—New York Son and The Talking Cure: A Memoir of Life on Air. Feder and his wife, the parents of two grown children, reside in Manhattan.



DON IMUS

TARRA WHITE

HALLOWEEN

TREAT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

It's appropriate that I'm appearing in the Halloween Issue of HUSTLER," declares the mysterious Miss **Tarra White**, "because my sexual desires run a little dark. I love to mix my pleasure with a little bit of pain. Whips, chains and the occasional riding crop are essential in my bedroom. These tools of the trade are sure to get me off."

Primarily submissive, the Czech enchantress also welcomes the ultimate erotic tool. “Being spanked is okay,” **Tarra** reckons, “but being whipped while some guy is also punishing me with his hard cock is the best!”

Curious how the chesty damsel ended up on the dark side? So are we. “Well my transformation started when I used to work as a dominatrix,” **Tarra** recounts. “I saw guys getting off on pain, and I decided to give it a try. The funny thing is that I hated my clients because they were so weak. I need a man who is in control of things—someone who isn’t pushy, but enjoys telling me what to do and giving me a little discipline if he’s not getting what he needs. That gets me wetter than any hearts and flowers ever would.”

Truly a jet-setting siren, **Tarra** splits her time between bustling La La Land and her homeland's quaint capital. "In Los Angeles, people are so open," the Eurodoll marvels. "They're willing to try anything, like three-somes and orgies, but my heart is in Prague because of its long, dark history."

TARRA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic

AGE: 21

BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio

HEIGHT: 5-6

Our Halloween treat's fascination with the macabre also extends to her taste in cinema. "You're going to think I'm lying," **Tarra** squeals, "but I love horror movies! The feeling of being a little scared and creeped out is sexy to me!"

THE AMAZING

HALLOWEEN BONUS
HALLOWEEN BONUS
HALLOWEEN BONUS
HALLOWEEN BONUS

BY KEITH VALCOURT

JONATHAN

Meet the madman of magic!

THE AMAZING JONATHAN'S COMEDY ACT is a volatile blend of magic, rock 'n' roll, theatrics, crude humor and fake blood—lots and lots of it. Despite all the mayhem and pseudo-gore, the thirtysomething is a showman in the old-school, Las Vegas tradition. *Bits & Pieces* Editor Keith Valcourt traveled to the Sahara Hotel and Casino (where A.J. is booked for the next year) to interview the Sin City psycho and his perky assistant/comic foil, Psychic Tanya.

HUSTLER: Where did you happen to find Psychic Tanya?

AMAZING JONATHAN: I had just gotten divorced from my wife, who was in the show, and needed to find a new wife and new assistant.

In which order?

PSYCHIC TANYA: Assistant first.

JONATHAN: You wish! She was the first gal I wanted to date after I got divorced, but she wouldn't date me. Which was smart, because had she given it up, she'd be gone. I'd be at the clinic getting penicillin, and she'd be gone. We've done this now for six years.

Your stage act is sort of a Burns & Allen with violence. Is that banter based on those legendary radio and TV comedians?

JONATHAN: No, because I'd heard of Burns & Allen, but never sat and listened to them to get material. We probably could though.

TANYA: I didn't ever hear about them until someone else told me.

Are there any magician groupies?

JONATHAN: Oh, sure. David Copperfield's got lots of them. I think he gets all the good ones because we are left with the fat ones with scars from ear to ear. My biggest groupie looked like someone slashed her face. She had a scar from her forehead to her breasts. She was scary, man. Followed me around. Called me at home. The way to deal with it is to become friends with them and do the same thing back to them.

Get a giant facial scar?

JONATHAN: Ha! Funny. (*Laughs.*) Just call them out of the blue and start following them around. We're sort of friends now, but I still want to ask her how she got the scar.

Which magician gets more pussy—you, David Blaine or Criss Angel?

JONATHAN: Actually, David Copperfield gets the most. Criss Angel is new at it, so he's catching up real fast. I've seen Copperfield fuck three women in a day. He'll call me up to brag, "Hey, Jonathan, I just fucked two women!" Then the phone rings two hours later. "Jonathan? Yeah, it's me again. Just nailed another chick in the elevator."

What do you think of so-called alternative magicians like Blaine and Angel?

JONATHAN: I don't know Blaine, and I don't see what's so special about what he does. I like the on-the-street angle of getting reactions, but he doesn't do it for me.

TANYA: You would do him.

JONATHAN: Yeah, if I was a homo, which I am.

Really?! We're outa here!

JONATHAN: (*Laughs.*) I'm not a homo. Criss is like one of the nicest guys in showbiz. We knew him before he was famous, and he hasn't changed at all, which isn't easy to do 'cause he's living the life.

He's got a penthouse suite at the top of the Luxor casino. His show is great because he's doing something that's never been done. He uses camera tricks. He doesn't give a fuck because to him it's entertainment. The magician's law is "fool 'em, no matter what." He's the only one who just doesn't give a fuck what the other magicians think.

What do you think about Penn & Teller, who give away secrets?

JONATHAN: They are very clever because they don't really give away anything. They've given away a few tricks, but they invented those tricks just to expose them. I remember seeing them when I was 17 years old, and they were the inspiration for me to get into the business.

How did you come up with your present act?

JONATHAN: I always wanted to have a rock 'n' roll act. I watched Alice Cooper and that *Welcome to My Nightmare* album, [which] helped me create the horror rock visuals. I tried to be like Criss Angel when I was young, but I sucked. I took it too serious.

Are you afraid of turning into another Carrot Top? You use props and have even mentioned him during a performance.

JONATHAN: No. Top is great!

Do you think you could

PHOTOS COURTESY COMEDY CENTRAL AND PREFERRED PUBLIC RELATIONS

Psychic Tanya deep in thought.

take Carrot Top in a knife fight?

JONATHAN: Not sure. He's pretty buff right now. The condition I'm in, he would fucking slash me good. He would purée me.

TANYA: Carrot Slicer!

How did blood become such a predominant element in your routines?

JONATHAN: Blood is really what started this whole thing. I used to be a street performer and was looking to set myself apart from other guys. So I started doing the trick where I ate razor blades. Someone suggested I use blood capsules, and as soon as I saw that, every trick I did had blood in it. Didn't matter what the fucking trick was. The rope trick had blood in it, and everyone loved the blood. That's how I broke out from the pack—by doing blood.

Have you ever gotten injured?

JONATHAN: Oh, fuck yeah!

What was the worst mishap?

JONATHAN: Most of my assistants get hurt. I blew up onstage once, and it burned all my hair off. Tanya got injured really bad recently. I stapled a card to her eyeball for real.

TANYA: He was supposed to staple it *above* the eye, and he nailed me in the pupil.

JONATHAN: One of our crew guys bought a brand-new staple gun and didn't realize it came loaded with staples. So during the show, Tanya got shot in the eye and ran off screaming. I said, "Fuck, that's not part of the show!" Then she came back out and did the rest of the show. During that time her eyeball was deflating. After the show they rushed her to the hospital.

TANYA: I had surgery the next day.

Is your eyesight back to normal?

TANYA: (*Fakes blindness.*) What?! Who said that?! Where are you?! (*Laughs.*)

Any other noteworthy incidents?

JONATHAN: I once got trapped inside a plaster mask and almost suffocated. I was making a prop, so I covered my face with Vaseline so the plaster wouldn't stick to my beard. But it stuck anyway, and I couldn't get it off. So like four hours later I can't breathe anymore, and I'm starting to hyperventilate under this thing. I try to pull it off, but it hurts too bad. So I took a hammer and started cracking it off. Finally, I passed out, and my assistant ripped it off. My whole beard came out, and I went into shock.

The next day I woke up in the hospital, and I had all this dry blood on my face, but my mask had a perfect beard. That was pretty sucky. I also took a crossbow arrow in the forehead.

Do you think Siegfried & Roy's white tiger attacked Roy because it was sick of all the gay sex?

JONATHAN: Yeah. I think he was trying to protect Roy by keeping him in the hospital for months at a time. That tiger knew there was a sniper waiting in the audience.

You know, we had a Siegfried & Roy bit in our act and had to take it out. We had two tiger puppets who complained about Roy touching them at night. People thought it was mean.

If you suffered a stroke during your act, would you want Tanya to protect you by dragging you offstage by your neck?

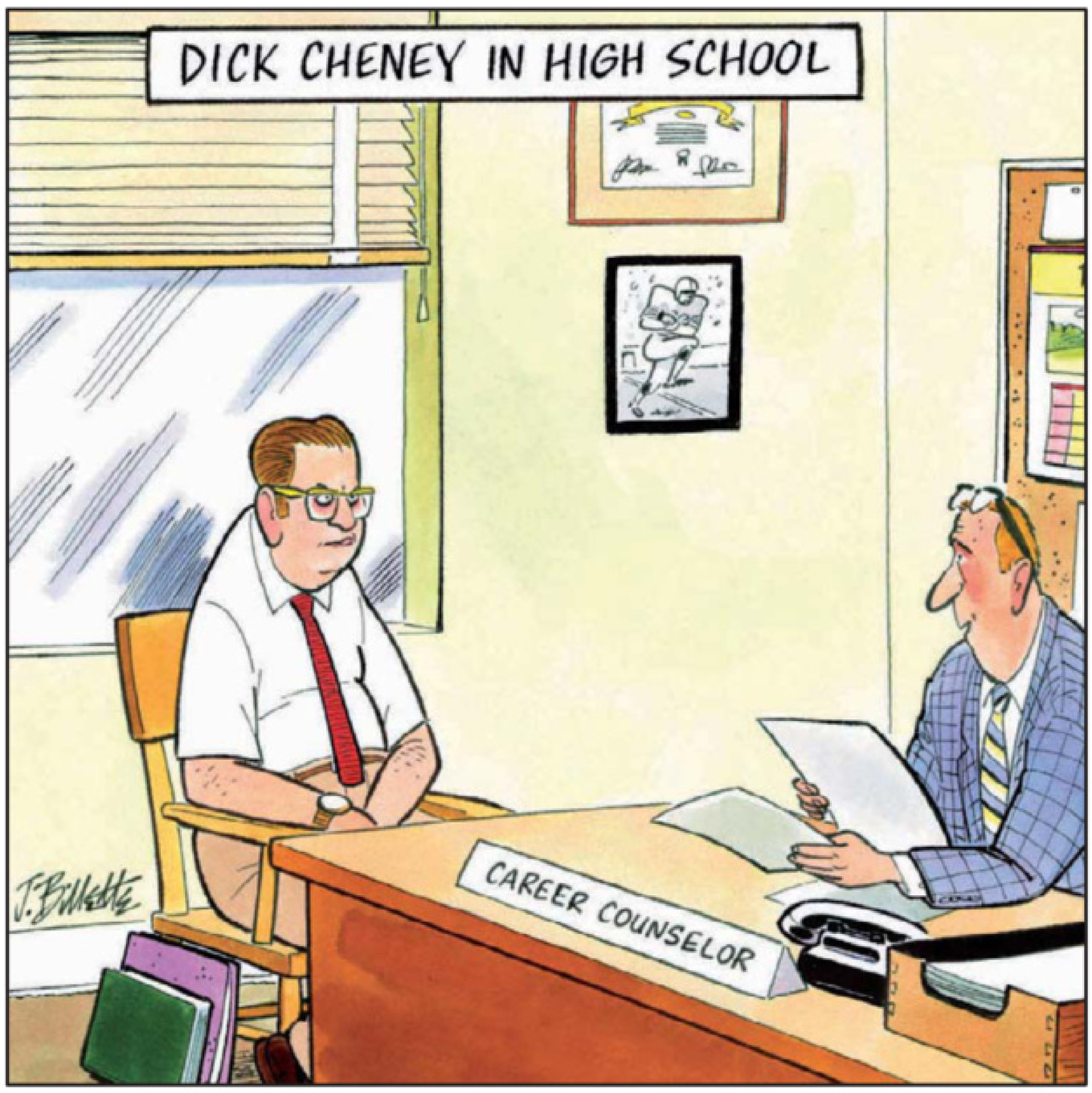
JONATHAN: I would like her to drag me off by the penis!

Do you want to add anything else before we wrap this up?

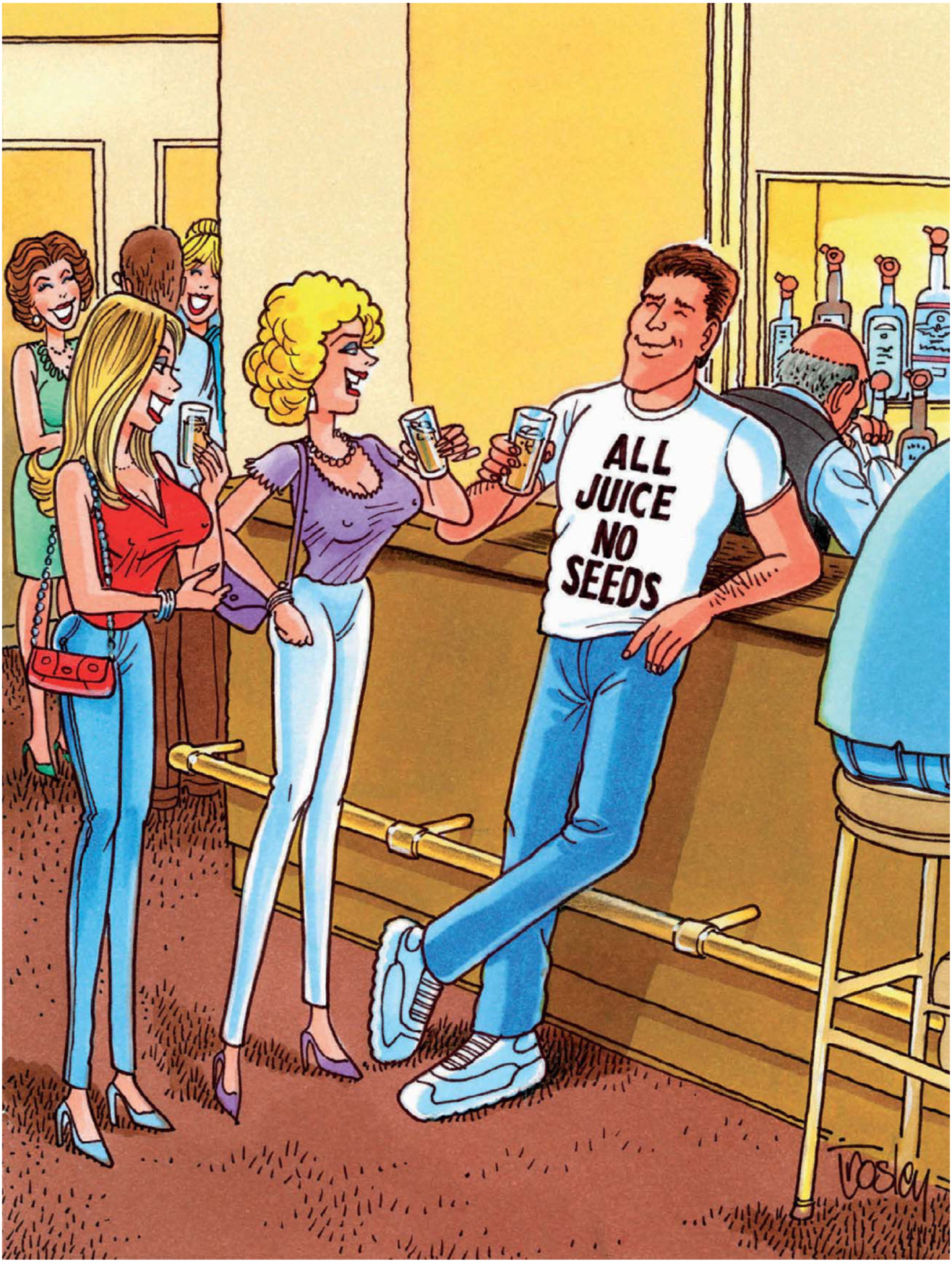
JONATHAN: Yeah! Watch for my new movie with Robert De Niro.

What's it called?

JONATHAN: I'm just fucking around! I've always wanted to say that I'm in a movie with De Niro. Never gonna happen.



"Richard, all your aptitude tests strongly suggest that you would be well suited to be the Antichrist."



"Well, Jake, you stepped up and got the vasectomy!"

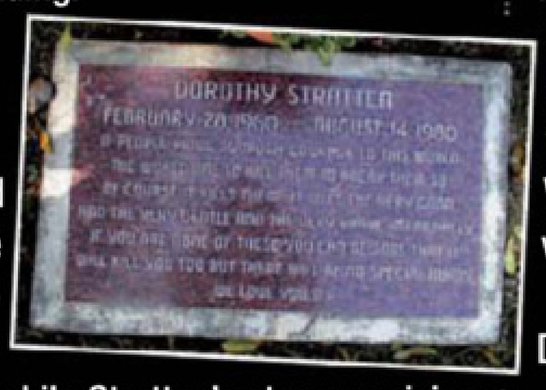
RICH. FAM

HALLOWEEN BONUS

A HAUNTING LOOK AT SOME OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST NOTORIOUS AND

SINCE IT BECAME THE MOVIE CAPITAL of the world in the early 20th century, Hollywood, California, has been a magnet for beautiful women seeking stardom. Becoming a big name in this bastion of broken dreams is a one-in-a-million shot, but even acclaim doesn't always guarantee a happy, Hollywood ending.

DOROTHY STRATTEN (1960-1980)
Cause of Death: Murder



This small-town girl had a face and body made for Hollywood. When she was named *Playboy*'s Playmate of the Year in 1980, her future looked very bright. Sadly, while Stratten's star was rising in the public eye, her private life was unraveling. Stratten's overly possessive husband, Paul Snider, couldn't handle the fact that fame was taking Dorothy away from him. In a final act of desperation he ended up blowing his beautiful wife's brains out, then turning the gun on himself. Stratten's brief life story was recounted in Bob Fosse's 1983 film *Star 80,* with Mariel Hemingway as the ill-fated model/actress and Eric Roberts as her insecure, murderous hubby. Previously, Jamie Lee Curtis had played the title role in 1981's made-for-TV movie *Death of a Centerfold: The Dorothy Stratten Story.*

Final Resting Place: Westwood Memorial Park (also known as Pierce Brothers Westwood Village Memorial Park), 1218 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles. The tiny cemetery is located behind the AVCO building. Stratten's stone marker, bearing a particularly angry diatribe written by her mother, is located on the lawn to the right of *Hogan's Heroes* star Bob Crane and to the left of Beach Boys drummer Dennis Wilson and *West Side Story*'s Natalie Wood.

LUPE VELEZ (1908-1944)
Cause of Death: Overdose

Mexican-born Lupe Velez was the Jennifer Lopez of the 1920s, '30s and '40s. The *muy caliente mamacita* headlined several films in her long career, the standouts including 1931's *The Cuban Love Song* and 1940's *Mexican Spitfire*. Making her even more renowned were a torrid love affair with Gary Cooper and a tempestuous, six-year marriage to Tinseltown's most famous Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller. In 1944, despondent about being pregnant out of wedlock, Velez (a devout Catholic) decided to take her own life, but wanted to leave behind a beautiful corpse. She meticulously prepared for the hereafter by fixing her hair and makeup, donning her favorite dress and surrounding her bed with flowers and photos of herself. Lupe then took a lethal dose of secobarbitol and lay down to quietly fade away. Unfortunately, she hadn't planned on how her body would react to the powerful sedative, which made her incredibly sick. Velez ended up succumbing facedown in a toilet filled with her own vomit. So much for the beautiful corpse.

Final Resting Place: Panteon Civil Dolores, Avenida Constituyentes, Distrito Federal, Mexico City, Mexico.

CLARA BOW (1905-1965)
Cause of Death: Heart Attack

The Brooklyn-born actress shot to fame as Hollywood's "It Girl," typifying the flapper during the Roaring Twenties in *The Adventurous Sex* and other silent films. Although the silver-screen icon's death was neither sensational nor sexy, her life sure was. Clara was as well known for her ribald parties and sexcapades as she was for her movies, giving rise to rumors of wild orgies, with supposed participants including the USC Trojans football team. Of course, stories like that tend to get *blown* way out of proportion.

Final Resting Place: Forest Lawn Memorial Park (Freedom Mausoleum, Sanctuary of Heritage), 1712 South Glendale Avenue, Glendale, California. Other notable entertainers interred at Forest Lawn Glendale include Sammy Davis Jr., Sam Cooke, George Burns, Nat King Cole and Jimmy Stewart.

MARIE PREVOST (1898-1937)
Cause of Death: Malnutrition

In the 1920s, Marie Prevost was one of Hollywood's busiest actresses, and even as silent films were being replaced en masse by "talkies," the onetime stenographer and bathing beauty still made her mark. But inevitably, Prevost's career and personal life headed south. Diminishing roles, triggered by a box-office flop and the foibles of the movie biz, combined with the death of her mother in an automobile accident threw

D.U.S. D.E.A.D.

BY K.K. LE ROQUE

SEXY CELEBRITY DEATHS...AND WHERE THE STAR-CROSSED VICTIMS NOW RESIDE.

Prevost into a serious funk. As film opportunities virtually dried up, she spent most of her days and nights drinking (and eating) in local watering holes. That was when the fallen star committed Hollywood's cardinal sin: gaining weight. After seeing herself in *Three Wise Girls*, Prevost decided to slim down for a comeback. For months she locked herself into a squalid apartment with her dachshund. Her plan worked—she lost all that fat. Unfortunately, in the process, the alcoholic actress starved to death. Sadly, no one was looking for Prevost (for work or otherwise), and she ended up getting eaten by her pooch. When authorities finally broke into the apartment weeks later, they found just skin and bones. Mostly bones, actually.

Final Resting Place: None. Prevost's remains were cremated. Location of ashes? The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind.

MARILYN MONROE (1926-1962)
Cause of Death: Accidental Overdose?

The onetime Norma Jeane Baker went from small-town girl to blond bombshell and cinematic icon in her much-too-brief lifetime. Her monumentally successful movie career included the classics *Some Like It Hot* and *The Seven Year Itch*. Meanwhile, Monroe's premature and mysterious death still captivates fans around the world. Was it an accidental overdose, intentional suicide or, as some conspiracy theorists advocate, murder? No one knows for sure. Some believe that her purported sexual relationships with then-President John F. Kennedy and his brother, then-Attorney General Robert Kennedy, had something to do with MM's abrupt, final curtain call.

Final Resting Place: Westwood Memorial Park (Corridor of Memories, Crypt #24), around the corner from crooner Dean Martin and drummer Buddy Rich.

VIRGINIA RAPPE (1896-1921)
Cause of Death: Internal Bleeding

In 1921, Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle became the star of America's first sensational celebrity murder trial. Long before O.J. Simpson and Robert Blake, the rotund actor/director was implicated in the death of a slim commercial model-turned-struggling-actress named Virginia Rappe. The victim died after a sexual romp with the 300-pound funnyman at a lavish party on Labor Day in 1921. The cause of death was listed as a ruptured bladder, but precise details are still unknown. Depending on whom you believe, Rappe was killed as the result of extremely rough sex or from having a soda bottle shoved into her vagina. Then again, Rappe's death may have had nothing to do with Arbuckle, but was instead the side effect of a previous abortion. After two hung juries, Fatty Arbuckle was found not guilty of any wrongdoing at a third trial, but his career never recovered.

Final Resting Place: Hollywood Forever Cemetery, 6000 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles. Rappe's plot is located in Section 8, Lot 2001. Other celebrities interred at Hollywood Forever include musician Johnny Ramone, swashbuckler Tyrone Power, voice actor Mel Blanc and several of the Little Rascals from the venerable *Our Gang* comedy series.

LANA CLARKSON (1962-2003)
Cause of Death: Gunshot Wound

During her brief career, this queen of the B movie appeared in such forgettable titles as *Vice Girls*, *The Barbarian Queen 2: The Empress Strikes Back* and *Amazon Women on the Moon*. Clarkson also landed a role in a big-budget film, portraying the girlfriend of the science teacher in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, but uttered just one fleeting line: "Hi." After a string of bit parts on TV shows, including *The A-Team* and *Knight Rider*, the statuesque beauty decided to look for a different, more stable line of work. She found it as hostess of the celebrity room at the House of Blues on the Sunset Strip in West Hollywood. Unfortunately, the 41-year-old stunner made the mistake of going home with fabled music producer and reputed madman Phil Spector. Sometime in the early hours of February 3, 2003, Clarkson was shot in the face and died in the foyer of the known gun nut's Alhambra, California, mansion. At press time, Phil Spector and his ridiculous wig are on trial for Lana's murder.

Final Resting Place: Hollywood Forever Cemetery (Chapel Columbarium, second floor, south wall).

SCREEN NAME:

Drakaina

AGE: 31

STATUS: In a relationship

NUMBER OF MySPACE FRIENDS: 826

In the past several issues, you've seen the stunning creations of HUSTLER's new contributor, Ariock. Now meet the French artist's breathtaking exotic muse (and real-life girlfriend), Drakaina. Originally from France, this month's MySpace Girl recently moved to Canada to continue pursuing an acting career and to be closer to Nova Scotia-based Ariock. Drakaina—which means "she-devil" in Greek—is recognized as France's first fantasy-art model, but she has also posed for comics, pinups and soft-core erotica.

Drakaina describes herself as a Wiccan, explaining, "It's a way of life, communicating with nature and what's surrounding us." Befitting a disciple of Mother Earth, she absolutely loves animals and especially enjoys long walks in the woods with her dog, a Shiba Inu named Beltane. Last year, as a high-profile champion of animal rights, Drakaina was approached by PETA France to become one of the group's official spokesmodels.

Of course, the 5-foot-9 demigoddess's favorite sexual experiences involve Ariock, whom she first met in 2001. "We know each other so well, we can push our limits further every time," Drakaina tells us. When asked to disclose her greatest unfulfilled sexual fantasy, she replies, "A hot-and-steamy encounter with a sexy vampire who would just leave me begging for more!" What else would you expect from a drop-dead-gorgeous, Wiccan comic-book model?

You'll be seeing much more of this statuesque vixen on Ariock's page in this magazine and on the big screen. Drakaina is cast as a medieval village's wench in the upcoming *Outlander* (starring James Caviezel and Jack Huston). If that's not enough for you, head to the Internet. Besides **MySpace.com/Drakaina**, the dreamgirl has more tantalizing pics and video clips at **Drakaina.com.** Are we worthy?

THE GIRLS OF MYSP

BY TYLER DOWNEY

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.

ACE #9: DRAKAINA

PHOTOS COURTESY DRAKAINA AND ARIOCK.COM

The Art of ARIOCK

Ariock.com

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Hillary Scott
Courtesy of
Sex Z Pictures

#1 ADULT WEBSITE

LISA DANIELS & MEMPHIS MONROE

POOLSIDE PUSSY PARTY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

It's a typically sticky day in California's San Fernando Valley as **Lisa Daniels** and **Memphis Monroe** decide to hang by the pool. The two porn stars have known each other for a few months but have never shared more than a few drinks and some casual chitchat. Now, after another busy week of sucking and fucking on film, the babes look forward to a day off, just kicking back and soaking up the sun.

The thermometer is hovering near 100 degrees, but for Memphis that doesn't seem to be hot enough. "How about a few laps?" the bosomy blonde coos.

"Sorry, honey," Lisa responds, "but I don't want to go in the water and get my hair wet."

"Who said anything about swimming?!" Memphis chuckles, smiling coyly.

No strangers to a little lesbian lust, the chickies get right down to business. First, Lisa buries her wagging tongue into Memphis's already-moist mound. "You taste as sweet as lemonade," hungry Lisa moans between laps.

Memphis quickly returns the favor by furiously finger-fucking Lisa's loose labia, then chirping, "I'm so glad we took some time off and hooked up. I feel so relaxed." And ambitious, as she licks some delicious snatch before delving into her buddy's puckered starfish.

As the afternoon wears on, both gals get so enraptured that they end up knocking over their stools and crashing to the patio. But even this mishap can't stop the lovebirds' burning passion under the punishing California sun.

Lisa and Memphis continue going at it like never before until the spontaneous tryst suddenly *comes* to a crashing crescendo, with both climaxing at the exact same moment. It's then that the hotties realize that they've gotten completely soaked without ever venturing into the pool.

"That was awesome," Lisa huffs, "but I have to admit my pussy's a tad sore!"

"What happened, baby?" a concerned Memphis asks. "Was I too rough?"

"Not at all," Lisa replies. "I think my kitty got sunburned!"

"Don't worry, sweetie," Memphis murmurs in a soothing tone. "I'll rub some lotion on it."

Memphis Monroe gulps it down in *Aphrodisiac*, *Farmer's Filthy Lil' Daughter*, *The Dark Side of Memphis* and *Ass Appeal #5*, while Lisa Daniels gets wet again in *HUSTLER Exposed*, *Sorority Sex Kittens*, *No Boys Allowed* and *Cocktail Party*. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order any of these HUSTLER Video scorchers.

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THE HUSTLER MOVIE PARODY!

TRANS BONERS

Written and drawn by Noel Anderson

THAT'S GROSS!

HOLY CRAP! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THE *WANG* ON THAT FRIGGIN' *ROBOT*!

THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME *ERECTUS PRIME*!

HE COULD TAKE OUT A *BRIDGE* WITH THAT THING!

COCK OF THE WALK

BONE DADDY

HONK IF YOU ARE HORNY!

PUH-*LEEZ*! THAT GUY IS *SUCH* A SHOW-OFF, DON'T YOU THINK?

LUBRI
VAGINAL

TRASH

25¢ STD

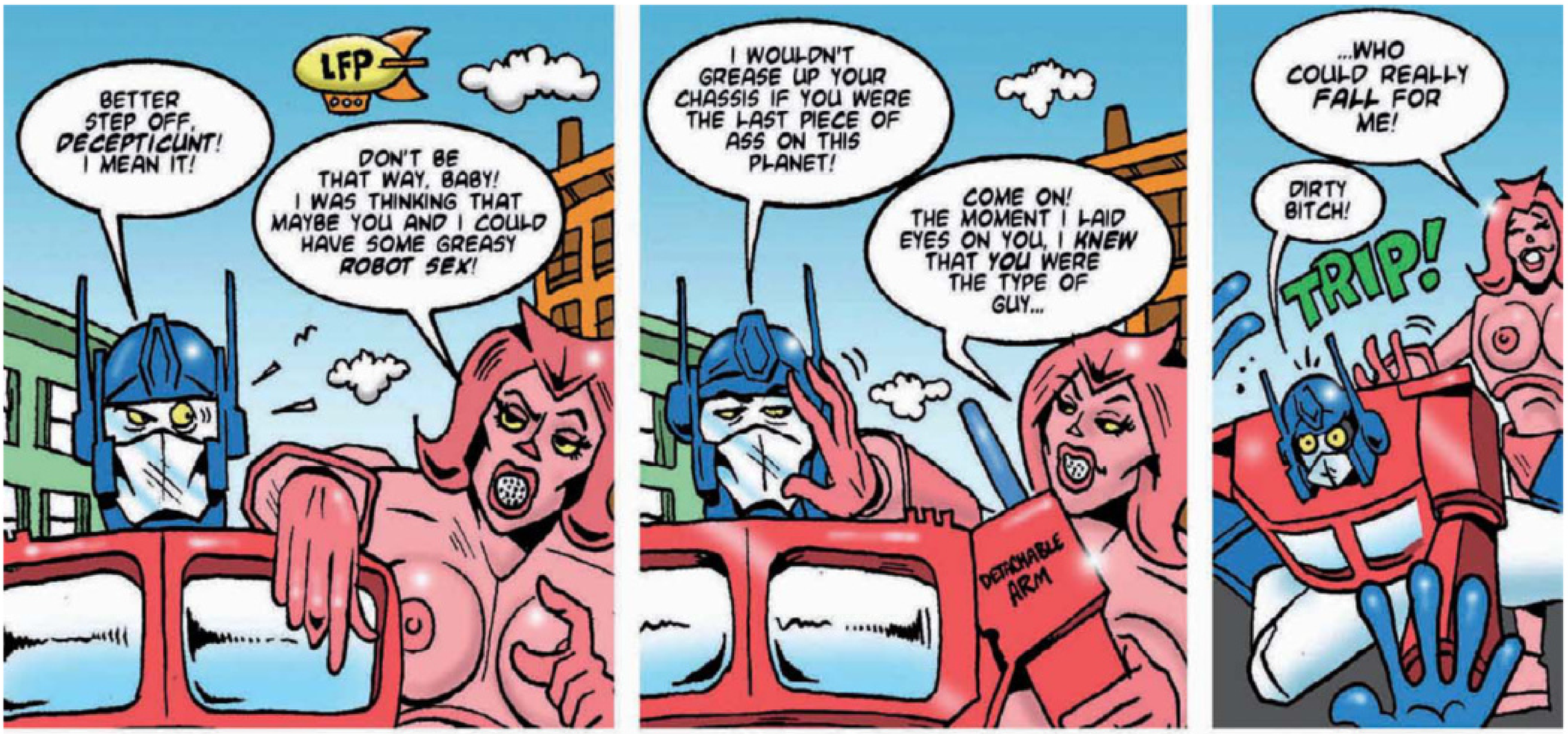
THE MAYHEM! THE VIOLENCE! THE *PENIS* ENVY! THOSE TRANSBONERS HAVE *GOT* TO BE STOPPED!

RELAX! THEY'RE NOT THE BAD GUYS! THEY'RE ON *OUR* SIDE!

SCIENTIST

IT'S THE *DECEPTICUNTS* YOU NEED TO LOOK OUT FOR!

FAINT!


LFP
BETTER STEP OFF, DECEPTICUNT! I MEAN IT!
DON'T BE THAT WAY, BABY! I WAS THINKING THAT MAYBE YOU AND I COULD HAVE SOME GREASY ROBOT SEX!
I WOULDN'T GREASE UP YOUR CHASSIS IF YOU WERE THE LAST PIECE OF ASS ON THIS PLANET!
COME ON! THE MOMENT I LAID EYES ON YOU, I KNEW THAT YOU WERE THE TYPE OF GUY...
DETACHABLE ARM
...WHO COULD REALLY FALL FOR ME!
DIRTY BITCH!
TRIP!

MEANWHILE, AT THAT EXACT MOMENT...
OH, GOD! I'M SO CLOSE! IF ONLY I HAD A NICE BIG COCK TO FINISH ME OFF RIGHT NOW!
METAL
BUCKY WUZ HERE!
SONS OF POSEIDON
WON HUNG LOW CHINESE
LUBE

CRASH!
THUD!

WELL, I CAN SEE THAT I'M GOING TO NEED MORE LUBE!
SQUISH!

THAT'S GOT TO BE THE BIGGEST DICK IN HOLLYWOOD!
I DUNNO! HAVE YOU EVER WORKED WITH ALEC BALDWIN?

THERE'S A MALE AND A FEMALE ROBOT *FIGHTING!*

LOOK AT 'EM *FIGHT!*

GET AN EYEFUL, FOLKS! YOU MAY *NEVER* GET THE CHANCE TO SEE THIS SORT OF SPECTACLE *EVER AGAIN!*

WE ♥ THE ROBOTS

ANOTHER SCIENTIST

NOW THERE'S TWO *MALE* ROBOTS FIGHTING!

FIGHT *ROBOTS*, FIGHT!

FEAST YOUR EYES UPON IT, GOOD *CITIZENS!* NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU SEE THIS KIND OF CRAZY *ROBOT* ACTION!

HAVE AT IT, ROBOTS!

NIT WIT

NOW THE TWO MALE ROBOTS ARE *LOOKING* RIGHT AT US!

LOOK AT HOW *PISSED* THEY LOOK!

TAKE IT ALL IN, PEOPLE! DRINK IN THE *ANGER* AND *HATE* BURNING DEEP IN THOSE BIG ROBOT PEEPERS!

YIPES!

MY MOM BOUGHT THIS SHIRT!

THEY'RE GOING TO *CRUSH* US!

RUN FOR YOUR *LIVES!!*

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, FOLKS...FOR RIGHT NOW I AM *SHITTING* IN MY PANTS!

THE END IS NEAR!

I HAVE TO *ADMIT* SOMETHING!

I CAN'T TELL US APART! WE ALL LOOK THE *SAME!* I CAN'T TELL THE *GOOD* GUYS FROM THE *BAD* GUYS!

BIG DUMB ACTION PLATINUM

NEITHER CAN THE *AUDIENCE!* SO WHO GIVES A SHIT? THIS IS A *MICHAEL BAY* FILM! THEY JUST WANT TO SEE STUFF GET BLOWN TO *HELL!*

CARZ

LOOK AT ALL OF THIS EXQUISITE *MAYHEM* AND *CHAOS!*

LOOK AT ALL OF THIS BEAUTIFULLY RENDERED *CGI* BATTLE ACTION!

LOOK AT THE BLATANT DISREGARD FOR A COHERENT STORYLINE!

FUCK ALL OF *THAT!* LOOK AT THE *GRAPHIC* DISPLAY OF ALL THIS TOP-SHELF *PUSSY!*

GO BOTS!

WITH ALL OF THIS EXCESSIVE VIOLENCE, AREN'T YOU AFRAID THAT THE *MPAA* WILL GIVE US AN *R RATING*? THAT WOULD CUT OUT A LARGE PORTION OF OUR AUDIENCE!

FEH! DON'T BE SUCH A *PUSSY*! WE'RE *BIG-SCREEN* ACTION STARS NOW! WHO GIVES A SHIT?

FWUMP!

OUT OF ORDER

CELEB-U TARD SUNGLASSES

TOO COOL FOR THIS PLANET

TRANSBONERS THE MUSI
2PM 4PM 7PM

AUTOGRAPHS JUST $5.00!

HEY! WHAT'S WITH THE POORLY DRAWN, INFERIOR-QUALITY VERSIONS OF *US* STANDING OVER THERE?

HOLY SHIT! THAT'S THE OLD *SATURDAY MORNING* CARTOON VERSIONS OF US!

WD 40

HOT BOTS

WE CAME TO REMIND YOU, THE *BIG-SCREEN* VERSIONS OF US, THAT YOU FORGOT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING ABOUT BEING A *TRANSBONER*!

UH...THE IMPORTANCE OF *TEAMWORK*?

THE IMPORTANCE OF *FRIENDSHIP* AND SHARING?

THE IMPORTANCE OF MONTHLY OIL AND MAINTENENCE CHECKUPS?

NO, THE IMPORTANCE OF REACHING RETAIL *MERCHANDISING* OUTLETS!

TRANS BONERS CEREAL

TRANSBONERS FUN MEAL

TOY INSIDE

TRANS BONERS SPORT DRINK

TRANS BONERS NUTS

TRANSBONERS BAR

END

Nancy Ann is a freelance writer contributing insights on love and romance. As a service to happy couples everywhere, she highlights the latest sexual enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe (see www.nancy-ann.com for related columns).

Installment 2
(in an ongoing series)

Loving the Colossal Load

What Women Really Want: A Monster Facial

Impress her by increasing your "Ropes"

After posting a letter from a woman who experienced her lover's new-found enormous (and consistent!) orgasms and revealing the European supplement that he used to achieve his power gushes, I've since received a number of letters from curious women who have also experienced their partners' vigorous cumshots. I would like to share an email from another female reader that proves what I've known all along: Not only do women find a man's hearty orgasms deeply erotic, more importantly they also measure male virility and strength not by cock size, but rather by the force and number of orgasmic contractions, ejaculate volume and extended intensity of orgasm stream.

Deanna writes:

My boyfriend and I hate using condoms, and since I don't want to get pregnant, we protect ourselves by using the old-fashion "pull" method: he fucks me silly and then when he's ready to blow his wad he pulls out and releases. Lately we've started watching a lot of porn to spice up our fuck sessions, and although most of the male actors are well-endowed, I've realized I don't get hot by large cock size, instead I'm completely turned on by the way the guys usually finish — shooting loads all over the girls' faces. The more volume and length of the guy's climax, the more orgasmically crazed I become. The idea of being on the receiving end of a monster load is so erotic, I've started begging my man to cum as hard as he can on my face and tits.

Well, I've since become obsessed; each time I find myself wanting more, more and more cum, that is! Don't get me wrong, my sex life is great, but I wish my man's loads were stronger. I'm not only disappointed with my boyfriend's weak finishes, I'm also let down by the majority of lame pops depicted in the skin flicks we watch. But I must say, when I do witness the occasional out-of-the-ordinary onscreen orgasm, I cum almost immediately.

Sensing my "super-load" infatuation, my boyfriend recently experimented with a supplemental enhancer and lately his orgasms have gone from "whispers" to "roars." When he pounds me missionary and pulls out, now he can consistently reach my face with a hot stream of spunk. And he just keeps cumming! I love it so much he lets me grip his cock so I can feel it squirting and pumping. He coats my face, neck and tits constantly. And every time, it never fails: as I drown under his never-ending "ropes," my own orgasms are absolutely "off the chart."

His mammoth loads are far more impressive than most of the male onscreen adult actors, and these ritualistic cumbaths have improved our sex life tremendously. But it doesn't stop there! He's able to get a second erection right away, starts fucking me again, longer and harder, and ends up giving me yet another huge jizz-drenching!

When I asked him how he strengthened his orgasms, he told me he started using a supplement you recommended in one of your columns (He says he reads your Web advice regularly). I want to know the name of the enhancer so I can pass the info on to my girlfriends. All girls should be so lucky!

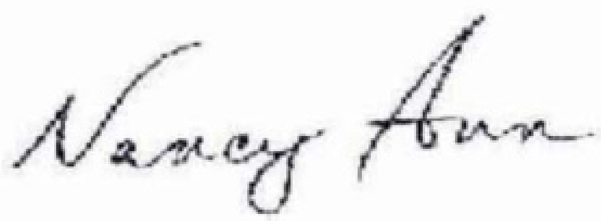
Deanna G.
Chicago, IL

Deanna, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out about and using this unique orgasm enhancing supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners. The secret is out: even though women don't openly talk about it, most of us absolutely crave a giant load!

The contractions and release during male orgasm can be multiplied using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated for men to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences by strengthening the vas deferens muscle, an added bonus — from a woman's perspective — is that these powerful contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" is actually European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these "rope"-like effects during male orgasm.

Serogen is so effective that lately there has been a flood of knock-off products (after all, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery!) that use subpar blends (you can read my orgasm enhancer reviews on my Website). As far as finding Serogen in the States, the original importer is a small distributor called Somalab. Since the success of Serogen, the company recently introduced two new products for men that contain additional premium blends with more benefits than the original. Somalab products ship discretely almost anywhere in the world. These unique supplements can be ordered by contacting the distributor toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.strongerorgasms.info.



Nancy Ann

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

BIG

KELLY MADISON

Why are men around the world so utterly fascinated by big breasts? Scientists theorize that when humans began to walk upright, females developed increasingly larger mammaries not only to nurture their young, but also to lure sexual partners. For some men, the bigger the size of a woman's breasts, the stronger the attraction. Seeing and (even better) caressing these large, luscious mounds is their ultimate fantasy.

Judging by the millions of dollars spent on breast augmentation, women know the hypnotic power their tantalizing endowments have over men. Breasts speak to the woman's biological imperative. They are the life-giving signal of a female in full bloom. So here are our choices for the most beautiful, succulent tits on this planet.

TERA PATRICK

You can't argue with her fans, as this top-heavy doll is one of the most popular porn stars in the world today. With a stupendous rack like hers, it's easy to see why. But in addition to a picture-perfect face and breathtaking figure,

BIG STUFF

BY TYLER DOWNEY

CARMELLA BING

TERA PATRICK

Tera is a successful businesswoman with her own Web site, production company and talent agency. Real or fake, Tera's 34DDs never fail to fuel the fantasies of her countless admirers.

KELLY MADISON

KELLY MADISON PHOTOS COURTESY KELLY MADISON PRODUCTIONS

KELLY MADISON

Blessed with homegrown 34FF tits, Kelly Madison is a miracle of nature. Massive as they are, her boobs are absolutely perfect and don't seem freakily voluminous at all. Kelly, a cousin of superstar Janine, has said, "We have each other to thank" for getting into porn. The rest of the world is appreciative as well.

CARMELLA BING

True bosom connoisseurs will recognize this exquisite creature, who has graced numerous magazines and hardcore Web sites devoted to big-breasted women. Eyeing this beauty's phenomenal physique and all-natural 34DDs, which defy the laws of gravity, will send a horny guy to heaven in a heartbeat. New to XXX porn, but already an anal queen, Carmella and her glorious globes are sure to make an even bigger impact in the future.

ANGRY, NAPPY-HEADED

ON THE R

A lawsuit involving a progressive L.A. radio station charges sexual harassment and racial discrimination against a white female employee.

I've long known that our local Los Angeles Pacifica station is anti-male. After all, Sonali Kolhatkar—host of KPFK's morning show, *Uprising*—has spent many on-air hours bashing HUSTLER, Larry Flynt, yours truly and the American male in general.

Regarding HUSTLER, Kolhatkar has made it clear she believes that this magazine is responsible for wife abuse, child abuse, rape and other scourges. As for Larry Flynt, militant feminist Professor Diana Russell (one of Sonali's most vitriolic guests) laments that the man who tried to kill our publisher wasn't a better shot. Another *Uprising* guest, Professor Robert Jensen (whom Kolhatkar completely endorses), has spoken out against "masculinity." Incredible as it may sound, Jensen (who is gay) harps that men shouldn't play sports such as football and baseball because they will make them too aggressive. Now it turns out that KPFK may be hostile to straight white women as well. Why am I not surprised?

For months now we have been hearing rumors of turmoil at the North Hollywood headquarters of the publicly funded radio station. White heterosexual men and women employees are, we understand, being terrorized by a contingent of militant lesbian women of color who seem to have taken control of the station. If these rumors are indeed fact, there may be as many as five

MOLLY PAIGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE DUNAVAN

BY BRUCE DAVID

, CUNTLAPPING HOS AMPAGE

harassment suits in the pipeline. One has already reached the courts.

News director Molly Paige, who is white, claims she is the victim of sexual harassment and racial discrimination at the hands of Eva Georgia, KPFK's general manager. Hired in 2002, Georgia—a black lesbian originally from South Africa—is said to have made repeated attempts to bed Paige, even going so far as to demand her subordinate try lesbian sex while promising quid pro quo for such favors.

Paige's lawsuit also alleges that Georgia made "numerous sexual comments about the plaintiff's body, including informing the plaintiff that it excited her when plaintiff applied lipstick to her lips." When these overtures failed, the lawsuit also notes, Georgia allegedly orchestrated a revenge campaign against Paige, spewing various racial epithets, including the moniker "Molly White."

Our sources indicate that staffers not aligned with Georgia and her purported militant lesbian contingent complain that a totalitarian climate exists at the listener-supported station. According to some staffers, the station—which touts itself as the progressive voice of Southern California—has made a concerted effort to keep its listeners completely in the dark about this long-festering situation for fear donations will dry up.

Writing for the *L.A. Weekly*, Daniel Hernandez reports that KPFK employee Page Getz declared, "If our listeners knew what was going on here, they'd be up in arms. Those are people who give money every fund drive... and if they knew what was going on, they'd never give money."

I personally stopped making donations when the feminist women of color at KPFK—most notably Sonali Kolhatkar and news reporter Aura Bogado—began attacking me and HUSTLER. Among their many lies was the assertion that a November '05 feature in HUSTLER was "nothing more than an incitement to rape." All attempts on our part to get equal airtime were spurned by Kolhatkar.

Outraged by the insidious on-air attacks, we sought redress from KPFK's program director, Armando Gudino. He dismissed our assertion that out-of-control militant feminists were running roughshod over the station. Now Gudino himself is named in Paige's civil action: "Georgia informed plaintiff that Gudino thought plaintiff was 'hot' and that Gudino wanted to know if plaintiff was available or interested in having sex with Georgia."

Given revelations that militant lesbians are ostensibly running amok at KPFK, the past actions of Kolhatkar and Bogado fall neatly into place. No wonder Sonali endorsed feminist whackjob Robin Morgan's statement that "rape is the perfected act of male sexuality in a patriarchal culture."

It is our fervent hope that Molly Paige not settle her lawsuit out of court. Molly, we urge you to rake Eva Georgia and her sychophants over the coals just the way we believe they tried to rake you over them. Put an end to this reign of fear and intimidation that you and others have had to endure. Make them pay through the nose!

As for KPFK's board of directors, we strongly suggest you apologize to each and every one of your male listeners for making them put up with your station's own version of anti-male hate radio. As is widely known, your recent pledge drives have been a big disappointment, and we hope that you now understand why that is the case.

"I'm frightened! Who will now be the mighty voice for our right-wing, Christian narrow-mindedness and intolerance?!"

HOT WH

SAUCY SUMMERS

EELS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Now riding into view is this month's covergirl, who's come a long, long way to strip down for us. Surprisingly, the denizen of São Paulo, Brazil, is as self-conscious as she is breathtaking. "How do my photos look?" **Sandy** asks a few days after posing for master lensman Matti Klatt. "Since I'm new at modeling nude,

I was super-nervous. I've done several magazine lay-outs in bathing suits and clothes, but never with *everything* showing. I really want to be an adult model in the worst way."

When we assure **Sandy** that she looks incredible in the buff, the luscious Latina is ecstatic. "I'm so glad to hear that!" she exclaims. "I just had to find out if I look hot enough to do this."

And we just had to find out a little more about this lovely visitor to our shores. "I worship the sun," **Sandy** reveals, "and I rush to the beach first thing every morning. It's my favorite place to be, whether by myself or with a special guy. And at night the beach is a wonderful place to have sex. I've done it there quite often."

Now that **Sandy** has brought up *our* favorite subject, we clamor for the naughty novice to continue. "My God!" she howls. "Where should I start? Being from Brazil, I'm naturally hot-blooded and very horny. I love a man who is there when I need a good lay, but who's also willing to give me my space. Don't be *too* needy, and I'll come and get you when I need you." And a Romeo's wait won't be agonizingly long, as the doll gleefully adds, "Believe me, I'll need you every day!"

So what's in store for sensational **Sandy**? "Now that you told me I look good naked, more HUSTLER spreads," the hard-riding hottie responds. "I'd love to do a sexy layout with one of my girlfriends. I think your readers would like that, right?" Without a doubt!

SANDY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: São Paulo, Brazil

AGE: 21

BIRTH SIGN: Leo

HEIGHT: 5-4

"Ready to

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Sandy

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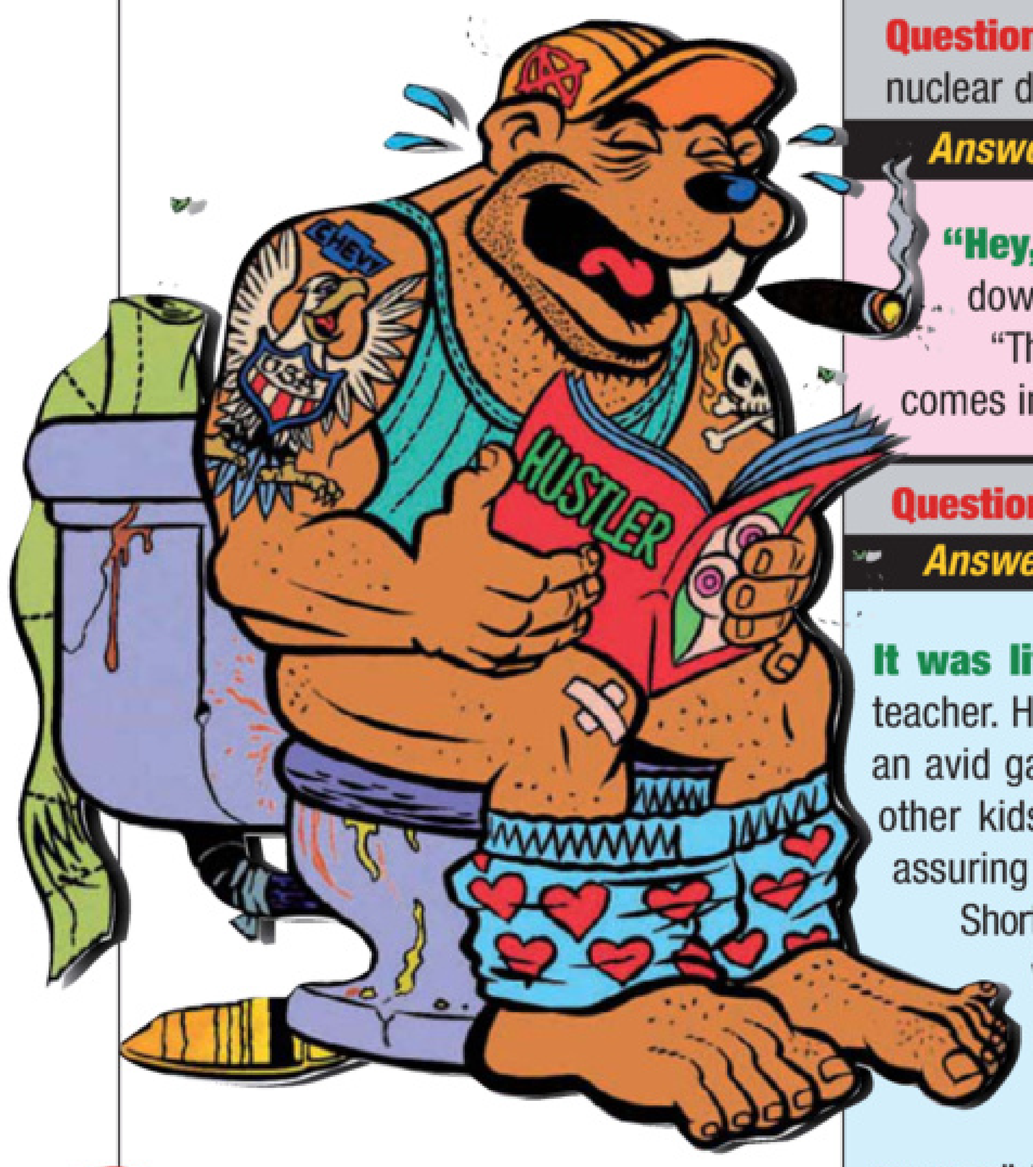
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST $3.99/MINUTE
xxx
Sandy

"Ready to Ride?!"



Question: If Russian women were mighty handsome before the Chernobyl nuclear disaster in 1986, what are they now?

Answer: Damn radiant!

"Hey, Scooter," the barmaid bellowed, "what the hell are those two bulges down the front of your pants?"

"They're hand grenades," Scooter grunted. "The next time that gay twerp Kevin comes in here and tries to feel my balls, I'll blow his goddamn fingers off!"

Question: Why did the redneck cross the road?

Answer: Because his dick was stuck in the chicken.

It was little Johnny's first day in a new school, so his dad met with the teacher. He told the twentyish gal that his son was a good kid but that he was an avid gambler. He warned her that Johnny might win lunch money from the other kids if he wasn't watched closely. The teacher didn't seem disturbed, assuring the father that she was very capable of handling Johnny's vice.

Shortly after lunch, the father called the teacher and wanted to know how things were going. "Everything is dandy," she remarked gleefully. "As a matter of fact, I think I may have cured little Johnny of his gambling habit."

"How did you manage to do that?" the astonished father asked.

"Your boy absolutely insisted on betting me $10 that I had a mole on my rear," the sexy schoolmarm explained. "I finally agreed to the bet and took him to the teachers' lounge. I showed little Johnny that I had no mole, but I also made him promise to never make another bet at school again."

"Damn!" the father shouted. "Johnny bet me 50 bucks this morning that he'd see his teacher's ass before the day was over."

Question: Why are aspirin pills white?

Answer: Because they work.

Lucy, new in town, went to a gynecologist for a routine checkup. Examining the thirtysomething for the first time, her doctor exclaimed, "This is the biggest vagina I've ever seen!"

When Lucy got home, she decided to have a look for herself. First, she took a mirror from a wall and set it on the floor. Next, she removed all her clothes, stood over the mirror, spread her legs and looked down.

Just then her husband walked in. "What the hell are you doing?!" he roared.

"*Um*, I'm just exercising," Lucy gasped.

"Well, be careful not to fall into that gaping hole," her hubby warned.

Question: Why do Mexicans refry beans?

Answer: Have you ever known a Mexican to do something right the first time?

Two little boys, one holding a box of tampons, stepped up to a pharmacy's checkout stand. The middle-aged clerk asked the taller kid, "Son, how old are you?"

"Eight," the youngster told him.

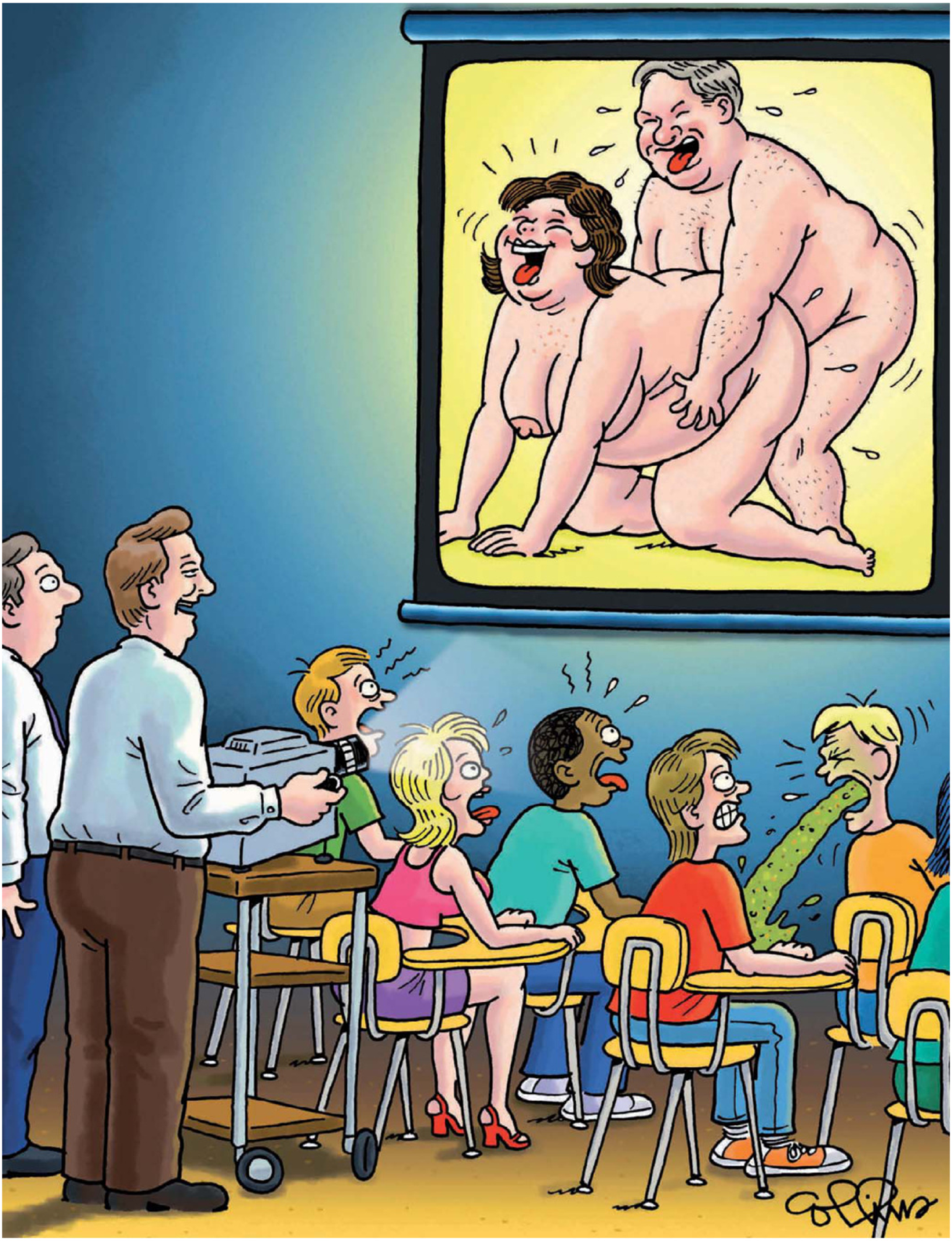
"Do you know what these are used for?" the man at the register asked.

"Not exactly," the tyke replied, "but they aren't for me. They're for my little brother here. He's four. We saw on TV that if you use tampons, you can swim and ride a bike. He can't do either one yet!"

GRAFFILTHY

Thanks and $50 go to Greg C.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"I find the best way to discourage teenagers from having sex is to show them their parents doing it!"

BY KEITH VALCOURT

DANZIG

It was an appropriately dreary, rainy day in Los Angeles (we do have a few) when Glenn Danzig dropped by HUSTLER to discuss his new two-CD set, *The Lost Tracks of Danzig*. "The Bard of Black Metal" also let us in on why real life is a lot scarier than any monster movie, why American comic books suck and why angry is the new glad.

HUSTLER: What is Halloween like in the Danzig house?

GLENN DANZIG: Depends on who's over. (*Laughs.*)

What kind of candy do you hand out?

Up until this year, I would buy candy, and kids wouldn't come to my house because they were scared. (*Laughs.*) But I moved, so this year I just stayed home with a female friend, and she dressed up to scare everyone who came to the door. That was like the big thing for her.

What Halloween costumes did you wear as a kid?

We were poor, so I would buy like one rubber mask, and then we'd make these other costumes. We would go out like three or four times that night to get tons of candy. After a while the neighbors got wise and would say, "Hey, weren't you already around here? We'd just yell, "Just give us the fucking candy!"

Your Danzig persona is overpoweringly dark and angry. What makes the real you happy?

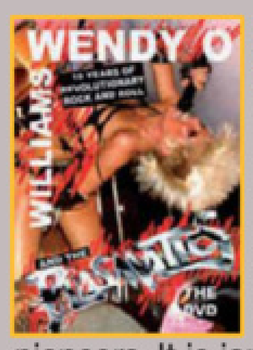
(*Laughs.*) Being angry!

What kind of comic books and toys do you collect?

Shit, I collect everything! For the past four years I've really been into buying Italian erotic comics. You used to be able to get them in New York, but they would only filter over every once in a while. They are these digest-sized books full of the craziest shit. They make my comic line, *Verotik*, look like Disney. That's what I'm into right now because American comics pretty much suck.

Some Recommended DVD Viewing for All Hallows' Eve

DISC REVIEWS



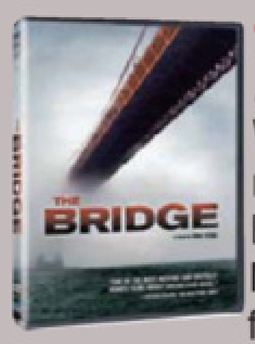
WENDY O. WILLIAMS & THE PLASMATICS:

10 Years of Revolutionary Rock and Roll: The DVD

To date, this documentary is the only concise and complete look at the punk/metal/rock pioneers. It is jammed with lots of live footage, TV appearances and behind-the-scenes interviews that paint a detailed and accurate picture of the woman and the movement that was the Plasmatics. The only downside is the annoying British voiceover that interrupts most of the proceedings.

DARK CORNERS

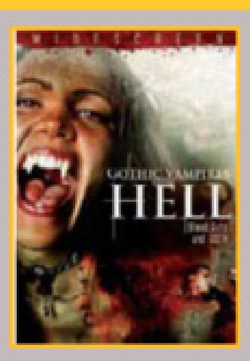
Thora Birch (of *American Beauty* and *Ghost World* fame) stars in this psychological thriller about a woman trapped between two lives. As the brunet Karen, she is a morgue employee, living a drab and lackluster life who awakes to find herself battered, bleeding and throwing up a mysterious key. As the blond Susan, she is a privileged gal living in an upscale world, struggling with her pregnancy and haunted by nightmares. Which life is real, and which is simply a bad dream? If you dig horror flicks like *Dead Again* and *Lost Highway*, then you need to check this one out.



THE BRIDGE

Koch Lorber Films

Who would have thought a movie about the Golden Gate Bridge would be so riveting? Maybe it's our innate, morbid fascination with death—accentuated by the majestic span's peaceful, picturesque setting—that makes Eric Steel's first feature film so acceptable. For an entire year his cameras rolled from sunrise to sundown, capturing an endless parade of vehicles and pedestrians...and 24 troubled souls jumping from the beloved landmark into San Francisco Bay. Bolstering the controversial chronicle are interviews with grieving family members and friends, as well as witnesses, psychiatric professionals and a suicidal jumper who didn't die. The result is a truly compelling, heartrending, must-see documentary.



GOTHIC VAMPIRES FROM HELL

MVD Video

Everyone who has ever dealt with music business executives knows that they're blood-sucking vampires. In this entertaining film, that assessment is taken very literally as sexy record honchos—including Gina DeVettori (*Darkworld*)—show an up-and-coming band the bloody ropes. Mixed in with all the blood, guts and gore is hard-pounding music from Christian Death, Fear Cult and Switchblade Symphony.

TWIN PEAKS: THE SECOND SEASON

Paramount Home Video

If Sheryl Lee, Sherilyn Fenn and Lara Flynn Boyle playing sultry teenagers isn't a hot enough reason for you, then grab this box set for the sheer brilliance of the vision on display. David Lynch's short-lived American Gothic masterpiece remains as rich as when it first aired 16 years ago.

—Mark Johnson

Tell us about *Verotik*.

Right around 1993 I decided I was going to start this comic line to help American comics grow up. If not? Fuck 'em! Which is pretty much what I did, and that has pretty much been my attitude since. Of course, we have a lot of people that hate us in the industry because we came in, took the boat, turned it upside down and shook it. It's going on 13 years, and we are still here.

Was your music originally inspired by horror movies and comic books?

Not necessarily. Real life is sometimes so much scarier than a creepy monster or something. We call our horror stuff "reality-based fantasy." We don't have Batman or Superman or Frankenstein. We have characters that are pretty much like people out in the world. I think that is scarier. Cannibalism is pretty real while average folks are ripping you apart, and you are watching them eat you. Pretty wild. (*Laughs.*)

What are your favorite Halloween movies?

Horror movies? I have so many in my collection. I like the original *Beauty and the Beast* by Jean Cocteau, but that's not really horrific—it's just a cool movie to watch. Fuck! As far as horror, there are so many. I love Italian and European horror flicks with creepy, lesbian-vampire stuff. The classic Hammer Studios stuff too.

It's great with DVDs because you get to see them all, uncut. There are so many. How can I choose? My DVD rack is so packed, I ran out of space and have to put some in bags because they won't all fit on the shelf.

Tell us about the new two-CD set, *The Lost Tracks of Danzig*. How did you manage to get control of all the material from the record company?

It was part of my settlement with Rick [producer Rick Rubin]. I got back everything that was unreleased from the American sessions.

What's your favorite track?

It changes. It was "Crawl Across Your Killing Floor," which is the first single. I like "Cold, Cold Rain" because it's a ballad, which is sort of out of left field for me.

You do some cool covers, like David Bowie's "Cat People." Have your ever considered doing a full Danzig CD of covers?

I have as far back as the Misfits. It has just never happened. With a Danzig cover CD, I'm torn now between doing older songs and either really making them heavy or not making them heavy. So it's either going to be a classic hard record or a record of crazy covers. I think it will eventually happen. I just don't know when.

Beavis and Butt-head used to say, "Glenn Danzig could kick that guy's ass." Do you kick ass?

These days I would rather not get in a fight, because I just don't care. But back in the day, yeah, of course. I would nail someone right in the face.

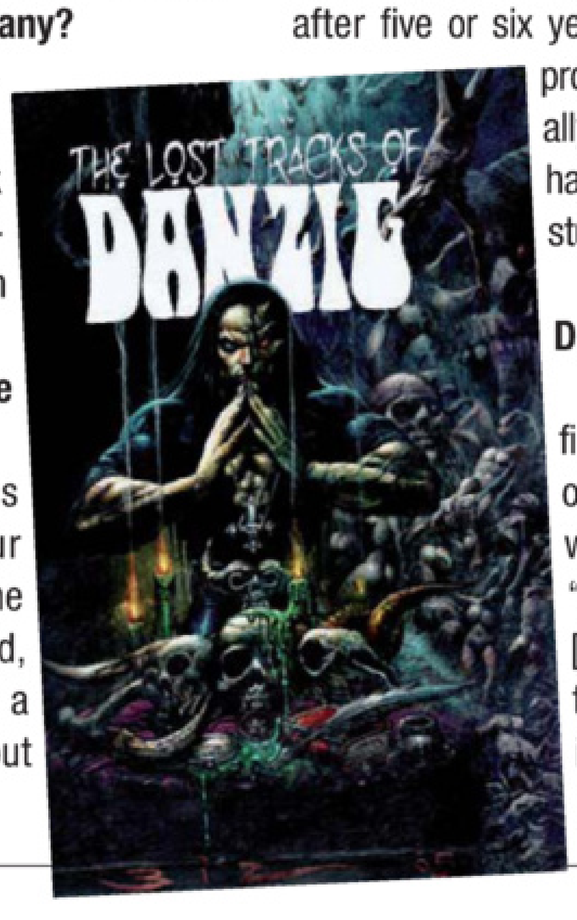
Any chance you would ever do a Misfits reunion?

I don't think so. The only one I really don't like—and he's the same one nobody in the band likes—is [guitarist] Jerry [Only]. His own brother doesn't talk to him.

With the new CD, you actually went in and recorded all the missing elements to put it together?

A lot of it was never finished. Some needed to be remixed. Others needed a new vocal track and had to be rerecorded because an old track had been erased. The song "Come to Silver" I wrote for Johnny Cash, [but] he never did [it] because I left American Recordings, and I wouldn't give it to him. I showed it to him.

It came out on *Danzig 5*, but I had an unused acoustic version. So when I went in to mix it this time, turns out the engineer had erased the original vocals. Most of the old tapes, everything pre-1995, had to be baked. They start to disintegrate after five or six years. So they have this process when they actually bake the tapes. We had to bake 40 tapes of stuff for *Lost Tracks*.

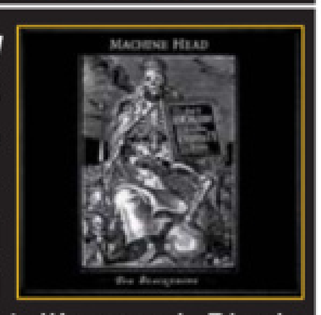


What's next for Danzig?

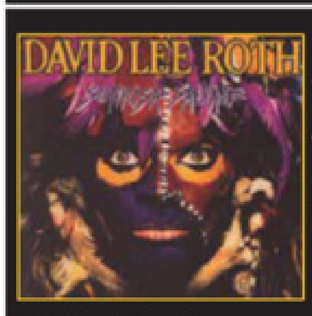
Doing a bunch of the film stuff. Ready to take on Hollywood. I think we're going to do a "Girls of Verotik" V.O.D. [video on demand] on the site. Film the girls in little 15-minute vignettes. ■

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

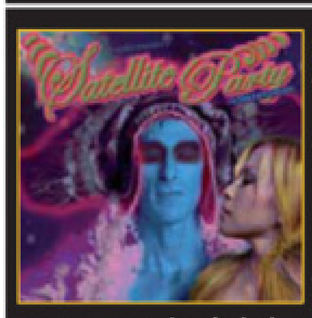


MACHINE HEAD: *The Blackening*
How much more black could this CD be? The answer is: none more black. Machine Head's latest offering is a modern metal masterpiece full of epic, driving rock that would make both Metallica and Black Sabbath proud.

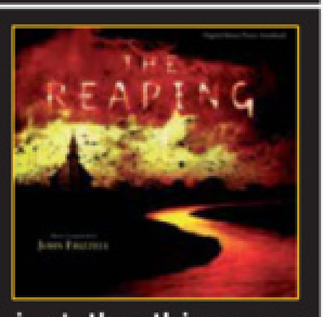


DAVID LEE ROTH: *Sonrisa Salvaje*
Yeah, we're as pissed off as you that the Van Halen reunion didn't happen, but here's something that might ease the pain a bit. The Internet-only record label **FridayMusic.com** has re-issued Diamond Dave's Spanish version of the *Eat Em' and Smile* album on CD. Wait! You didn't know he recorded that classic solo disc in Spanish? And you call yourself a fan?

SKINNY PUPPY: *Mythmaker*
Ogre and cEvin Key dish out another powerful dose of sonic soundscapes and progressive noise. The originators of industrial rock modernize the puppy's sound and deliver their best CD in ten years.



SATELLITE PARTY: *Ultra Payloaded*
The latest experimental creation of Jane's Addiction frontman Perry Farrell is a conceptual album about trying to change the world by launching a musical movement. Joining Perry on this wondrous journey are underappreciated guitar god Nuno Bettencourt, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Fergie and New Order's Peter Hook.

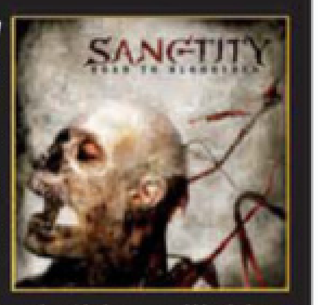


THE REAPING: *Original Motion Picture Soundtrack*
John Frizzell's haunting score to the supernatural thriller starring Hilary Swank is full of ominous, piano-based orchestral tracks. This spooky soundtrack could be just the thing you need to scare off those annoying trick-or-treaters. After all, that candy is yours—you paid for it.

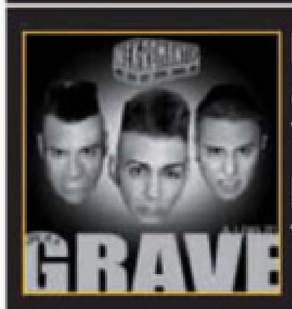
NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS: *The Abattoir Blues Tour*
This brilliant, two-CD and two-DVD box set chronicles the "Gothfather" and his dark gang at two distinctive British concerts in 2003 and 2004. The highlight is the Brixton Academy gig, featuring a set never seen in America.

(continued on page 100)

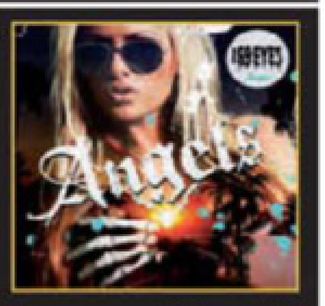
MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS



SANCTITY: *Road to Bloodshed*
Speed metal is back! With a stamp of approval from Megadeth's Dave Mustaine (who handpicked Sanctity as his group's opening act), the North Carolina rockers have released this rollicking debut. If you think it's impossible to bludgeon an audience while lulling them with hooks and melodies, you'd be mistaken.

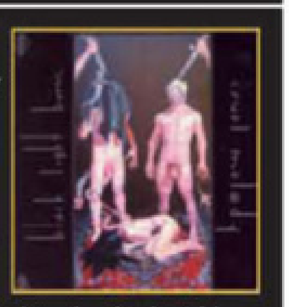


NEKROMANTIX: *Life Is a Grave & I Dig It*
The leaders of the psychcobilly punk movement return with their first new CD since 2004's *Dead Girls Don't Cry*. This ghoulishly good disc will have you dancing in the graveyard way past midnight.

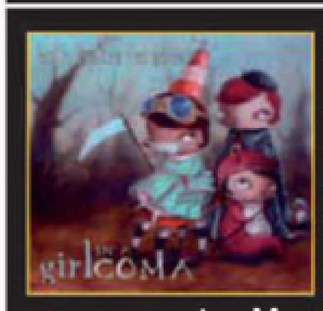


THE 69 EYES: *Angels*
Self-proclaimed Helsinki vampires release this assault of down-and-dirty rock 'n' roll. The Finns' raucous postapocalyptic brand of filth recalls the early days of the Misfits, Sisters of Mercy and Guns N' Roses. This CD *rawks!*

ANGEL SPIT: *Krankhaus*
This CD makes us want to travel down under. The Aussie outfit blends cyberpunk synths and healthy doses of Riot Girl attitude and distortion with startlingly great results. It's dark, harsh and aggressive KMFDM-styled rock with female vocals. Plus, the lead singer is hot.



BLACK LIGHT BURNS: *Cruel Melody*
Former Limp Biskit guitarist Wes Borland teams up with Nine Inch Nails producer Danny Lohner and A Perfect Circle drummer Josh Freese for this heavy-ass CD. Highlights include "New Hunger" and "I Am Where It Takes Me" (featuring guest vocals by Concrete Blonde's Johnette Napolitano). We dig it, but really could use a cock-free version of the CD cover. Wes, dude, help us out!



GIRL IN A COMA: *Both Before I'm Gone*
This female rock trio on Joan Jett's label sounds a lot like the bastard daughters of her old band, the Runaways, and mope-master Morrissey. This makes sense since the group took its name from a Smiths song. *Girl in a Coma* is sure to have both the emo kids and rapidly aging hipsters from the 1980s singing along.

NEWS

GOTH GIRLS ROCK

God Goth almighty, we love a sexy chick who favors excessive black eyeliner and knows how to rock. Forget Amy Lee from Evanescence. Here are four female-laden bands that you need to see to see and hear.

Germany's **Krypteria** sounds a lot like the previously mentioned Evanescence…if Evanescence kicked ass. This is in no small part due to the Gregorian-chant-meets-hard-rock vocals of lead singer Ji-in, a sultry half-Asian singer who makes us rock hard in more ways than one.

The **Gore Gore Girls** are more than just the sum of their go-go boots, beehive hairdos and tight retro dresses. They can also play those Gretsch guitars they're holding. Highlights of their CD include "Fox in a Box" and "Where Evil Grows."

Looking for exposure, **Naked Beggars** called our offices, but we had no idea they'd send us such revealing photos. The naughty gals from Nashville—rounded out by four guys, including Cinderella alums Jeff LaBar and Eric Brittingham—sure caught our eye. And there are lots of reasons to dig the sextet's blues/bar-rock debut, not the least of which is a cover of the Dead Boys' "Caught With the Meat in Your Mouth."

We can almost forgive the fact that the **Bastard Fairies**' lead singer is named Yellow Thunder Woman. After all, the songs on *Memento Mori* are a wonderfully macabre and morose blend of naughty and nice. Also, the flamboyant chanteuse is willing to show her adoring public almost everything. If Yellow Thunder Woman would just get rid of all those flowers, we could call her band the greatest ever.

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

ROCK ON!

Guitar Hero II

Manufacturer: Activision

Format: Xbox 360

Everyone wants to be a rock star, and now you can be one too with the smashing sequel to ***Guitar Hero***. This rocking version comes with the new, sleek X-Plorer Guitar Controller, over 70 songs, 11 enviable characters and the ability to download even more music than its predecessor. This awesome, easy-to-play game is the most fun you'll ever have with your pants on. Grab your ax, and rock it. You are a golden god!

TAKE COMMAND

Command & Conquer 3: Tiberium Wars

Manufacturer: EA

Format: Xbox 360

The year is 2047, and you're trying to save Earth from hordes of Tiberium—a self-replicating alien substance that has infected our planet. The latest chapter in the ***Command & Conquer*** series features faster and more fluid action, new ways to attack (including building battleships that fly and wielding the power of ion storms) and distinctive styles of play. If you're looking for epic sci-fi battles with more than 35 single-player missions, then you need to discover ***Command & Conquer 3***.

DO YOUR DUTY

Call of Duty: Roads to Victory

Manufacturer: Activision

Format: PSP

Now you can take the popular World War II battle game with you wherever you go. Just don't expect another retread. The PSP version is a brand-new ***Call of Duty*** experience offering a slew of exciting missions never before seen in other ***COD*** installments. As a member of the U.S. Army's 82nd Airborne Division, Canada's First Army or Britain's elite Parachuting Regiment, players engage in detailed combat situations, including machine-gun battles, sniper attacks and aerial dogfights. This one will get your adrenaline pumping as you lead your troops on the road to victory.

WING IT

Wing Island

Manufacturer: Konami & Hudson Entertainment

Format: Nintendo Wii

Strap into the cockpit and soar skyward over Shell Island with this colorful offering designed exclusively for the Nintendo Wii. Put an assortment of aircraft through advanced thrill-flying maneuvers—including barrel rolls and loops—in three modes of play (Story, Free and Trial). This somewhat cheesy game promises hours of enjoyment.

THE PRESIDENT THINKS YOU'RE DOING A HELLUVA JOB, ALBERTO, AND HE SUGGESTED I TAKE YOU HUNTING WITH ME.

AH, SHIT! THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.

WINNERS

FAMOUS

EXPOSÉ BY
K.K. LE ROQUE

Lindsay Lohan

Lindsay Lohan's Lovely Lungs

GET A LOOK AT THOSE FABULOUS flotation devices! In her latest film, *Georgia Rule*, **Lindsay Lohan** (costarring with **Jane Fonda** and **Felicity Huffman**) portrays an out-of-control teen forced to settle down. It's nice to see that life really does imitate art…except for the whole settling down part. Here's the lovely actress/singer frolicking with her boy toy at the time, onetime fashion model **Calum Best**. That lucky bastard! Nevertheless, there's nothing better than a gorgeous female luminary willing to enjoy some public breast-baring beach time.

Thankfully, one of our photographers captured Lindsay while she let one of her bouncing boobs break the waves in the Bahamas. Thanks, Lindsay, for always knowing how to make a splash!

Got any risqué pictures of a famous figure? If you sell them to us, we can show them to the world. You know you want to. Contact us by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com*** about publishing them.

MOVIE Mammaries

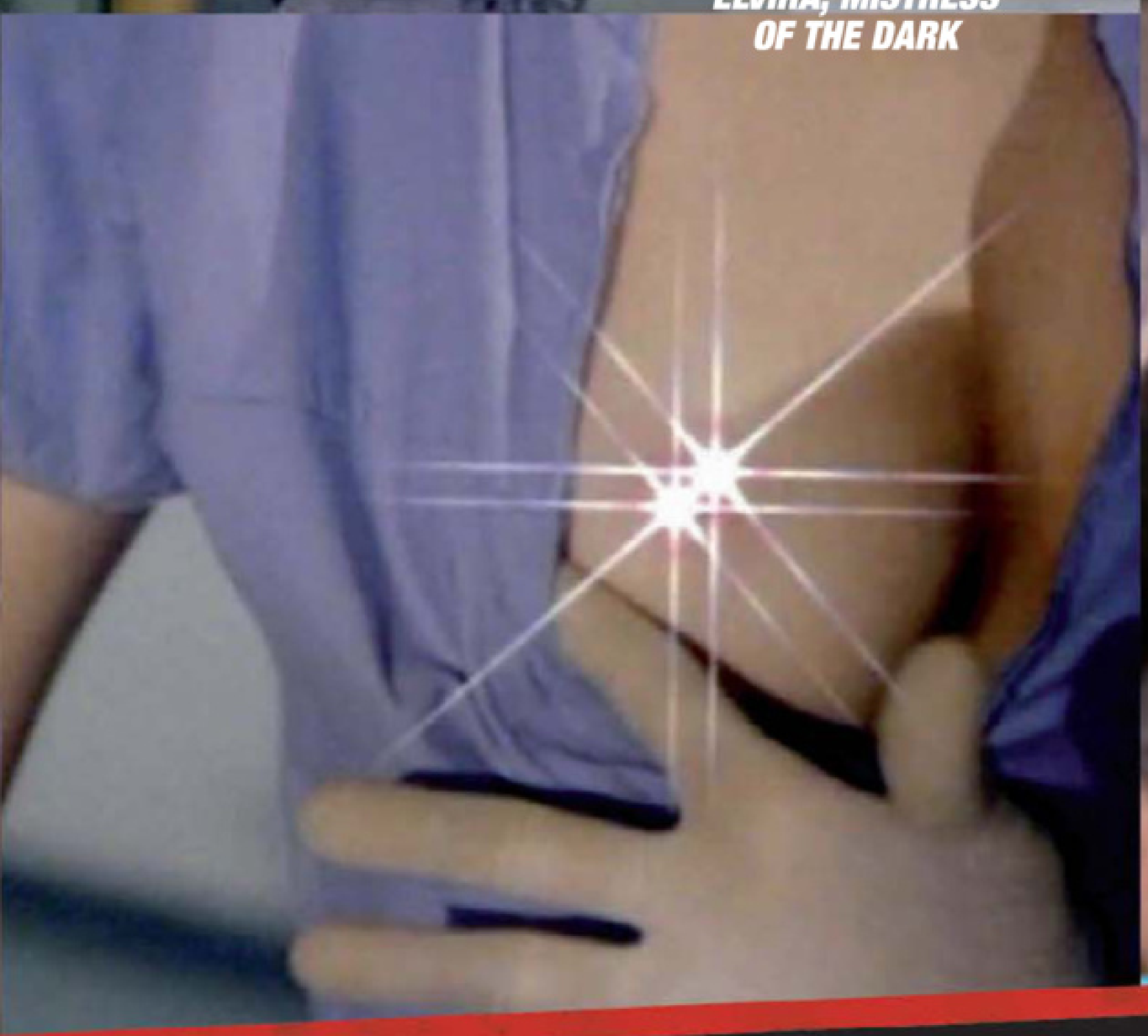
ELVIRA: Mistress of the Nip-Slip

WHEN IT COMES TO HALLOWEEN, there is no better spokeswoman than the inimitable **Elvira, Mistress of the Dark**. The eternally youthful Goth gal with the more-than-ample bosom has pitched every product imaginable and starred in an array of provocative flicks. We're grateful that many of them have offered prolonged views of her perfect pumpkins.

Long before putting on all that mascara and a beehive wig to transform herself into Elvira, **Cassandra Peterson** was a young and fame-starved newcomer. Getting her initial exposure, the eager beaver played a topless stripper in 1973's *The Working Girls*. The film was so good, it was rereleased in 1982 with some extra Elvira footage and a catchier title, *Famous T&A*. By then the wannabe actress knew a little bit about giving up her T&A to the famous: Sassy Cassy claims she lost her virginity to Welsh crooner **Tom Jones**.

In the slapstick comedy *Jekyll and Hyde…Together Again* (1982) the petite Peterson is cast as a naughty nurse who lets loose one of her lobes. Unfortunately, some cinematic genius decided to pop a special effect over her awesome melon, alas ruining an otherwise sexy shot. The next (and sadly last) time we got to see one of the bombshell's perfectly pink nipples was an unintentional slip in her campy feature *Elvira, Mistress of the Dark*. To fully enjoy this one you'll need to employ the freeze-frame feature on your DVD player. During the bowling-alley scene, when Elvira gets the Heimlich maneuver, watch closely as one of her yummy yabos momentarily blasts out like a niblet of flashy candy corn. Now *that's* a perfect Halloween teat…uh, we mean treat.

Rent These NOW!



ELVIRA, MISTRESS OF THE DARK

JEKYLL AND HYDE... TOGETHER AGAIN

HALLOWEEN HOOTERS: The Best of the Breasts in Horror Flicks

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOME really scary movies to watch on Halloween, why not opt for those with a little nudity? We've dug up a handful of the most titillating titles on DVD, all of which are sure to make you scream…and moan.

The original *Halloween* (1978) was our first chance to get a peek at a very young **Jamie Lee Curtis**. Unfortunately, she kept her perfect peaks completely under wraps throughout the classic fearfest. Luckily for us, a gorgeous aspiring actress named **P.J. Soles** let both of her killer casabas escape.

Friday the 13th Part 2 (1981) features just as much onscreen carnage as the original, with an awesome bonus: bountiful boobs in all their glory. Our favorite moment is teenage camper **Kirsten Baker**'s late-night skinny-dip—right before the babe meets an untimely demise at the hands of Jason Voorhees. (Those crazy campers should have known better!) Catch more eye candy in *Friday the 13th: A New Beginning* (1985) as preppy princess **Rebecca Wood** shows off her massive mammaries. Like us, you'll be sporting wood.

Of the many Freddy Krueger flicks, our top choice has to be *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors* (1987), but not because this installment boasts the most kills by the razor-nailed villain. The frightening saga revolves around **Stacey Alden**, who plays the quintessential movie MILF.

A totally nude **Drew Barrymore** looked bloody good taking a shower in the straight-to-video *Doppelganger: The Evil Within* (1993). This thriller is packed with breasts and blood—a brilliant combination. Meanwhile, the film *Idle Hands* (1999) makes the grade thanks to *General Hospital*'s **Kelly Monaco**. The busty brunette, who recently displayed her best moves as a *Dancing With the Stars* contestant, lathers on KISS makeup and takes off her shirt in a smoking sex scene. We guarantee *Idle Hands* will have *your* hands anything but idle.

That's it for this batch of eye-opening horror films, but we have one final suggestion: Give yourself a treat this Halloween. Skip handing out candy and head straight to your local video store to rent one or more of these frightening and fleshy flicks. Now! Yes, today! Remember, every month HUSTLER delivers the best in cinematic skin. Let us know what you think by e-mailing us at *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

KIMBERLY FRANKLIN

ALL HAIL THE QUEEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

You may not have known it, but **Kimberly Franklin** is porn royalty. "I need to be worshiped by men," proclaims the half-sister of HUSTLER favorite Lanny Barby. "If a guy wants to be with me, he really has to pay attention to all of my needs. In a way I'm a queen who's always in search of a new loyal subject. That's probably why I stay single."

Kimberly, who's a year younger than Lanny, broke into the biz as soon as she turned 18, garnering more fanfare than most newbies. "A lot of people thought we were making up the sister thing when we first started, just to build names for ourselves," the gorgeous Canadian recalls, "but we really are sisters. We have the same dad. There was a lot of buzz because we did a few adult movies together. People thought it was unnatural. Lanny and I didn't. We loved being together."

Eventually, the rigors of XXX prompted **Kimberly** to "retire" in 2004, but the do-anything coquette eventually made a cumback, only to again call it quits. "I guess I got burned out," the cutie explains. "Fucking on film all the time really takes a toll on your body. This photo-shoot is the first thing I've done in a while. Besides, I don't need to do porn now that Lanny is such a star."

KIMBERLY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Montreal, Canada

AGE: 26

BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius

HEIGHT: 5-6

So what has **Kimberly** been up to lately? "I read a lot," she replies. "I saved up most of my money and own my own house, so I'm kind of a woman of leisure. I guess in a way I *am* a queen."

SPECIAL: ADULT ENTERTAINMENT IN-DEPTH

Vol. 3 • No. 2

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim". "I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

> "No actresses like other chat lines."

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT (1-800-943-3242)** is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

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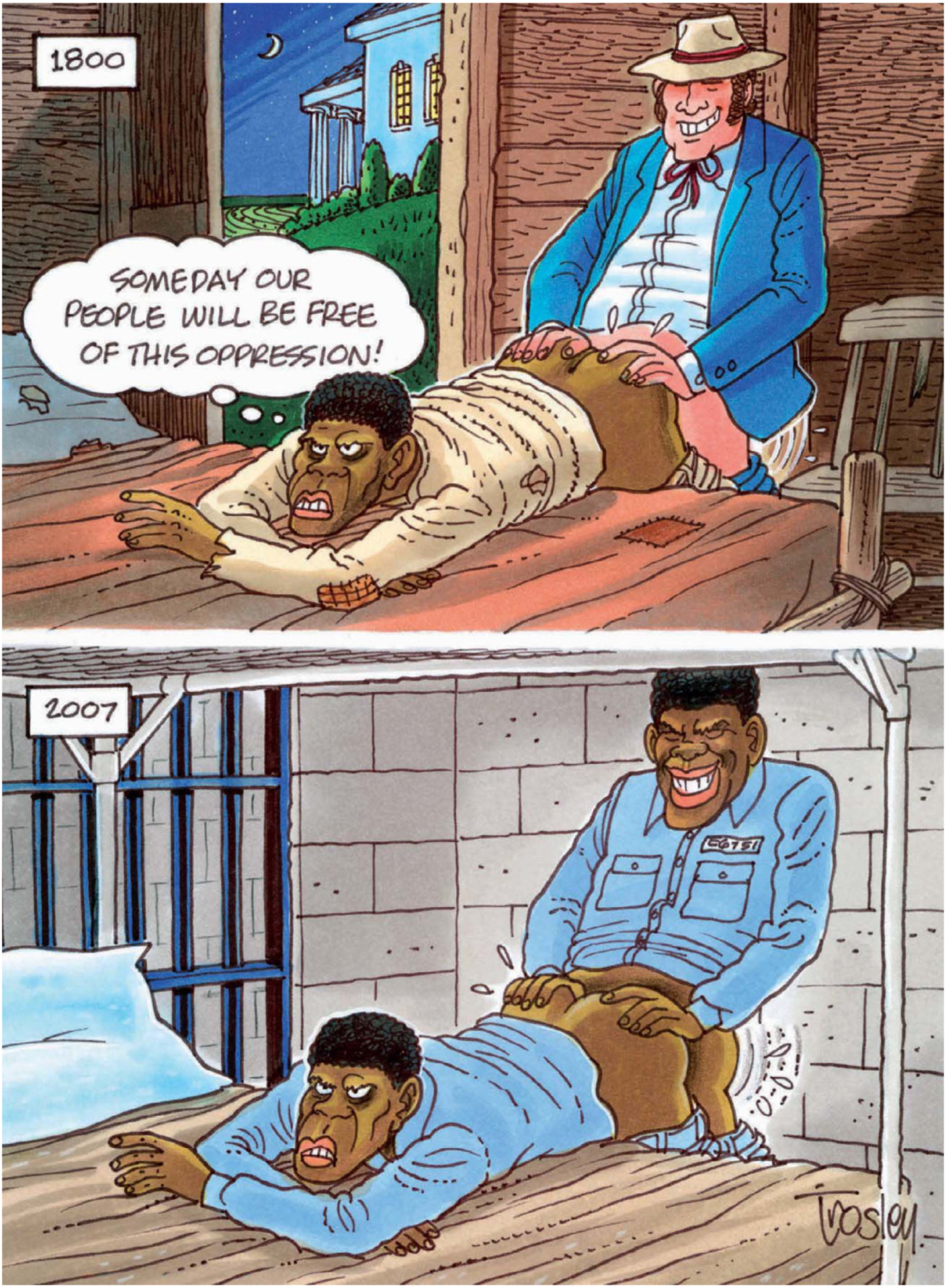
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HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

SHRINKS GO A-COURTIN'

The University of California, Los Angeles is caught in the middle, student Matt Knapp recounts, as two high-profile psychiatrists square off in a sex-laced legal battle that would do a network soap opera proud.

Lurid details began emerging soon after a bitter civil case went to trial. Dr. David M. Martorano, a former resident physician at UCLA's prestigious Neuropsychiatric Institute, alleged that in 2002 he had been passed over for a promised promotion after ending an affair with his supervisor, Dr. Heather Krell. Martorano sued Krell and UCLA for wrongful termination and sexual harassment. Meanwhile, Krell countersued Martorano for invasion of privacy and slander, seeking only a symbolic $1 in damages, but vehemently denying that any sexual relations had occurred.

As the trial opened, jurors were asked to decide whether Martorano and Krell had engaged in sex; whether Martorano lost his desired post because he no longer wished to continue an intimate relationship with Krell; and whether UCLA officials reacted properly once aware of his allegations.

While testifying, Martorano admitted that he tooled around Malibu in a sports car and attended private parties thrown by adult-entertainment companies. Later, Martorano's personal psychiatrist told the court that, in his professional opinion, Martorano was "addicted" to women falling in love with him.

Martorano's attorney, Robert Scott, informed the jury that when his client and Krell began seeing each other outside of work, Martorano was set to become chief resident at the Neuropsychiatric Institute. However, after Martorano broke up with Krell, he not only lost the promised position, but was also terminated by UCLA. Scott also contended that Krell had ruined his client's reputation by maintaining that Martorano had fabricated the affair.

"Well, you must be special. She never lets *me* do her ass!"

On the other hand, attorneys for the university and Krell portrayed Martorano as a liar and sex-obsessed narcissist. When UCLA lawyer Alan Zuckerman asked if Martorano had a self-loving personality disorder, he replied that while "there are traits of narcissism I possess," he would never label himself a narcissist.

After Martorano claimed he couldn't remember details of the sex he allegedly had had with Krell, her mystified attorney approached the bench. "The genes we come with are programmed for little else," muttered Donald Gerrard, who also argued that jurors should disregard Martorano's claim that Krell had given him oral sex in a car parked in front of her apartment building. Finally, the lawyer urged jurors to punish Martorano for acting like "a 14-year-old boy" and to award Krell specified punitive damages.

In turn, attorney Scott argued that the couple's affair was hard to dispute, citing various social events they had attended together, a litany of phone calls and testimony that they had watched a movie about the porn biz, titled *The Fluffer*. Scott went on to say that once gossip regarding the affair started, Krell created a hostile work environment by spreading rumors about her colleague's honesty and mental health. Once Martorano's job offer was rescinded, Scott claimed, UCLA tried to "sweep it all under the rug."

After the two-week trial, the jury reached a verdict: Krell and the UCLA Psychiatric Department had not sexually harassed Martorano, and UCLA had handled the situation properly by first denying Martorano the post of chief resident and then by firing him (as even a hint of impropriety would discredit the institution). However, the jury believed that Krell and Martorano were having an affair, a violation of UCLA policies, thus voiding her countersuit. The jury didn't award money to either party.

Krell, who once psychoanalyzed shoplifter Winona Ryder in court, has subsequently charged another male colleague with sexual harassment. She is no longer seeing patients at UCLA. Martorano, who once (as Dr. Dave) cohosted a radio call-in show, has since opened a private practice specializing in couples therapy. Strangely, the psychiatrist is currently involved in a legal battle with a Malibu neighbor, who accused Martorano of videotaping his children and killing the family's dog. Martorano is countersuing.

Apparently, medical professionals—even shrinks—need therapy.

Enrolled in UCLA's extension program, junior Matt Knapp is a philosophy major and avid history buff.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

APRIL

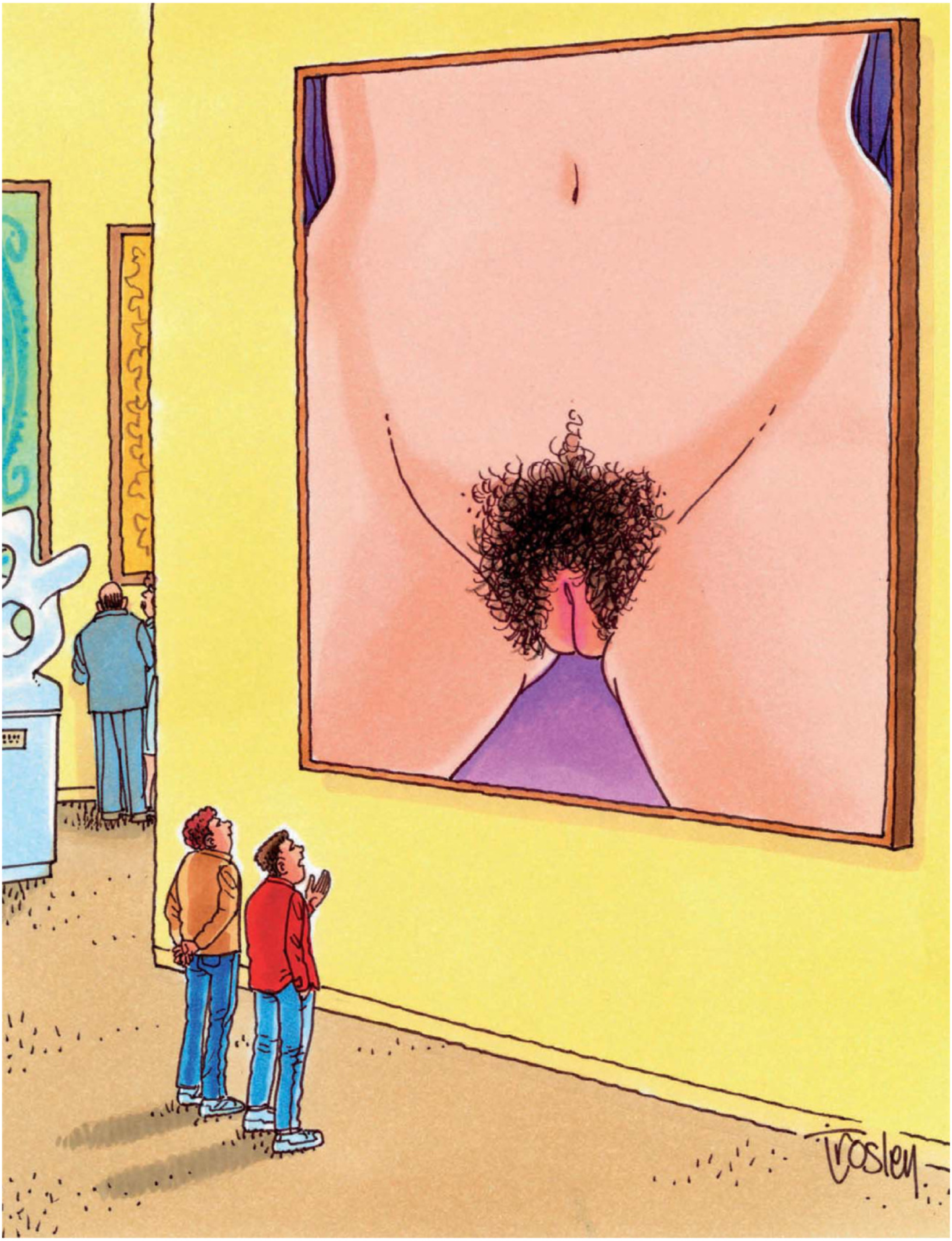
HUSTLER has long been a haven for the uninhibited, but bookworms who love showing skin are a special breed indeed. Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us some naughty pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance!

"During sex I'm a log cabin in the figurative sense!"

"My biggest fantasy is to be fucked by a hot cowboy with a Southern drawl in the bed of a pickup while many others are watching!"

"People told me I should go for it," proclaims our tallest amateur to date. "And why not?! Being naked in a men's magazine is a total turn-on." This freshman at northern Minnesota's **Itasca Community College** is a head-turning 6-footer, and when the nubile "Dixie chick at heart" isn't hitting the books, she productively fills every waking moment. April's extracurricular pastimes include "hunting, fishing, shopping, getting muddy down on the farm and MySpace," but how the darling describes her part-time job as a nurse's assistant epitomizes her devil-may-care attitude. "I get to play with balls all the time," quips April, who readily rambles to her ardent sex life. "I've been told I'm wild and crazy, and the rougher the better. I prefer being with girls, but cowboys with hot butts can take me any way they want—even in mine!" Seeing April gracing the woods in her birthday suit—she'll be 19 right around Thanksgiving—sure beats sweet potato pie. —Photos by Friend

COEDS: To apply, follow instructions in model release on page 125 and indicate ***Real College Girls*** on submission envelope.



"I don't think it's a metaphor for anything. I just think it's supposed to make me want to buy it drinks and lie about my job."

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POUND THIS a couple of times

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1-800 FUCK
800 3 8 2 5

feeling a little **kinky?...**
okay then.... **really kinky!!**
then try...

1-800
400-TINA
8 4 6 2

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ADULTS ONLY

This is simply a picture of a woman sucking on a dick.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad or a real product, and it's a real shame that this chick isn't sucking *us* off.

Sure, the cocksucker is attractive, sexy even. But she's only polishing your pecker because you're wearing **Old Nice**…and because she's a whore.

KEEP *it* DIRTY

Old Nice

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NOW Listeria-Free!

Good news for fans of our delicious hotdogs—we're not killing people anymore! Sure, we fucked up a few years back when bacteria dripped from an air-conditioning unit into a meat-assembly line in one of our plants. Even if we may have known about this and let it go on for months—making hundreds of people sick and killing at least 21—we did stop when the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention caught us.

But that's in the past. We've learned from our mistakes. It's not as if we would do something like that again. You should be more worried about our competitors. They haven't gotten caught yet. So enjoy our hotdogs. And remember, they plump when you cook 'em.

Ball Park Franks are a product of Bil Mar Foods, a unit of the Sara Lee Corporation. Remember, nobody does it like Sara Lee.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on a food giant whose wanton disregard for public safety led to massive sickness and death. For more information, check out **CommonDreams.org**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

NICOLE GRAVES & IKAN LIQUOR

USTED!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

Dude, check it out! This layout is just like that neat movie from the 1980s, *Mannequin*. Remember? It was the one with that half-fag from the Brat Pack. No, not Emilio Estevez. The other doofus—Andrew McCarthy. He played this loser designing window displays and dressing up dummies at a department store when one of the shapely, inanimate figures comes to life. And McCarthy's character fucks her. Anyway, that's what we're led to believe as the scene fades to black.

The actress who portrayed the blond mannequin was Kim Cattrall, the aging but still-sort-of-hot broad from *Sex and the City*. Only Cattrall was much younger and absolutely smoking hot. Lo and behold, my boss—you know, the asshole down the hall—has informed me that this pictorial wasn't inspired by *Mannequin* at all. Instead, it's a reincarnation of some old-ass black-and-white flick called *One Touch of Venus* from 1948. Like anyone remembers that far back… except the idiot I work for.

The best part of this rendition is getting to see a doll in every sense (**Nicole Graves**) leaving nothing to the imagination as she gets it on with an astonished rent-a-cop. Man, wouldn't it be sweet to actually have a sexy mannequin come to life and suck your cock before begging you to jump her bones?

Holy crap, dude, that would rock! Just looking at these pictures is giving me wood. Is it wrong that I got wood thinking about wood? Dude, I gotta stop smoking weed at work.

MANNEQUINS COURTESY *SEXYMANNEQUIN.COM*/LINGERIE AND SWIMWEAR COURTESY SPLASH! DU FUTURE

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Praise the "Jesus Juice"! ***Ass Squirts***' Paris Gables torments a crucifixated Amber Rayne while Lisa Ann (left inset) and Missy Monroe (right) savor the sins of the flesh.

Ass Squirts

EXTREME ASSOCIATES. **DIRECTOR:** THOMAS ZUPKO. **STARRING:** AMBER RAYNE, FELONY, REBECCA STEELE, MISSY MONROE, PARIS GABLES, LISA ANN, THOMAS ZUPKO, BRETT ROCKMAN, RICK MASTERS, VALENTINO, NICK EAST & DIABLO.

Sicko Thomas Zupko's latest epic of sodomistic blasphemy is the perfect way to celebrate Whore-oween. In the beginning we're told that this degenerate chunk of sinema "is an attack on organized religion" and that "if Christ came back to Earth, he would embrace us, the pornographers." Amen to that! The flick opens in some sort of twisted church with a crippled, naked, foul-mouthed midget on a cross; a sadistic nympho who forces herself to puke; and a masturbating priest who saves souls with his cock. Then things get more fucked up from there! The cast of depraved ladies—including standouts Amber Rayne, Lisa Ann and Paris Gables (also featured in a "Bone-Ass" scene)—are as filthy as sewer tramps. When the gorgeous harlots aren't crawling around like possessed nuns during the Inquisition, they're getting vigorously tit-fucked, ass-reamed or just choked up on schlong and their own vomit—all in the name of the Lord! The production design is a metalhead's fever dream, the gonzo camerawork is excellent, and the performances throughout are full-tilt and devilish. As for the title: Yes, every scene features sluts pissing out of their shitholes into each other's faces. It's hard to imagine harder-core than this. Zupko's ego has been bloated with dozens of awards over the years for cracking new ground, and he obviously thinks he's Satan's gift to gonzo. Maybe he's right. Check out *Ass Squirts* before our Nazi-fied Justice Department orders all copies destroyed. A rotting Jerry Falwell is no doubt watching this one in hell. ***—M.J.***

*Afterlife of the party: The **Supernatural**-ly gifted Kirsten Price fucks dead people.*

Supernatural

WICKED PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** MICHAEL RAVEN. **STARRING:** KIRSTEN PRICE, AUGUST, SOPHIA, KATIE MORGAN, JACY ANDREWS, RANDY SPEARS, ERIC MASTERSON, STEVEN ST. CROIX, BARRETT BLADE & JOEY RAY.

Ever wish that *Poltergeist*'s cute suburban mom or *Ghost*'s Demi Moore got the hard-core treatment? Leave it to Wicked Pictures to fulfill your perverted dreams. In this fully scripted spook flick, contract girl Kirsten Price plays a grieving gal whose boyfriend has just passed into TV-snow purgatory. Fortunately, we get to leer at Kirsten's fond memories of how he used to eat her out and practice safe sex in soft focus. Kirsten isn't the wildest chick in the sack, but she's got a natural, real-girl comeliness that's somehow more alluring than a dozen porn sluts in fuck-me shoes. However, the leading lady eventually gets trumped by August's sweaty encounter with mean ghost Randy Spears, who's on a purgatorial rape rampage because his wife killed him. After some obligatory *Poltergeist* stuff, like demons trapped in TVs and Kirsten crawling around on the ceiling, the good ghost saves Ms. Price when the evil one tries to drown her in a bathtub. (Check out the behind-the-scenes extra of Kirsten dunking herself into a huge tank of cold water for this scene.) Despite looking like it was mostly shot for late-night cable, *Supernatural* is a half-decent, couples-friendly, nonanal romp that makes a valiant, if tacky, attempt to build some supense between its marginally dirty deeds. ***—M.J.***

***Supernatural** cutie Katie Morgan puts a whole new twist on ghostbusting.*

Logan James (above left), Phoebe (above right) and Annette Schwarz spread some sweet sickness in **Scurvy Girls #2**.

Scurvy Girls #2

METRO INTERACTIVE. **DIRECTOR:** ROB ROTTEN. **STARRING:** ANNETTE SCHWARZ, PERSIA DECARLO, PHOEBE, LOGAN JAMES, ROXY DEVILLE, JOHNNY THRUST, JAY ASHLEY, DICK TRACY, ROB ROTTEN & DONNY LONG.

Hopping on the rehash bandwagon, punk-porn lensman Rob Rotten turns one of his best (if least notorious) films into a series with his first-ever sequel. The original *Scurvy Girls* was a who's who of alt-porn: Charlotte Stokely, Allie Sin, Texas Presley, Lexi Bardot and more. How do you top that? You don't. Instead, you get latest XXX-treme scenester Annette Schwarz to ramp up the filth factor. Looking like a whacked-out goth teen, she catches a guy in a ski mask watching her pee, so naturally, Annette chases the perv down and straddles his face. Also apparently in a Walpurgis frame of mind, cherub-cheeked Phoebe deep-throats a big, hairy lumberjack until her mascara runs. (Too bad this adorable five feet of sass has already quit the biz.) Meanwhile, Logan James smashes some shit to get in the mood for her fuck session with the director, but she's no match for Rob's original sinema partner, the dearly missed Rachel Rotten. Coming from the man who brought us *Anal Swine* and *Porn of the Dead*, voluptuous Roxy DeVille's scene is one of the most shocking in Rotten's oeuvre because it's actually sensual! Dramatic lighting, lingering shots and a slow buildup work their magic. Of course, the impish director undercuts it with a disturbing kicker involving a horny old dude that's better left undescribed. Leave it to Rob Rotten to punk the viewer like some brat smashing pumpkins.

—Kevin Wright

A Kubrickian Kimberly Kane (left) and her rowdy droogettes revel in **The Violation of Chelsie Rae**.

The Violation of Chelsie Rae

JM PRODUCTIONS. **DIRECTOR:** JIM POWERS. **STARRING:** CHELSIE RAE, KIMBERLY KANE, ANNETTE SCHWARZ, CINDY CRAWFORD, LEAH LUV, AARALYN BARRA, JADE JOLIE, JOHNNY THRUST, R-MUTT, R-DOGG, SPOTTY JON & JP MORAN DOFER.

The latest in Jim Powers's all-girl gang-bang series is a takeoff on Stanley Kubrick's 1971 film *A Clockwork Orange*, a creepy sci-fi masterpiece about a band of hooligans in a near-future dystopia. The original is notorious for a gleeful rape that earned it an X rating. The sineaste of campy anarcho-porn, Powers tacks on a few more Xs and stretches the rape scene out to 40 minutes of nonstop debauchery. His gang of "droogs" (derived from the Russian word for friend) are a bunch of loutish lesbians led by alt-porn princess Kimberly Kane. Chelsie Rae is the sheltered rich girl unlucky enough to answer the door when the bored chick-punks, out looking for "a bit of the old ultraviolence," drop by. Using everything from strap-ons to dildos attached to whatever's handy, the intruders rack up multiple anals and forever bang the innocence out of sweet little Chelsie. It's a noisy, nasty ride, with the "victim" whimpering, crying and gagging in protest. Chelsie is relatively new to the jizz biz, and if the hottie wasn't already broken in, she is now. Earlier, in an inspired scene, lanky, cane-wielding Kane saves a meek and terrorized Jade Jolie from some marauding mooks, only to give the cutie some strap-on violation herself. The ridiculously prolific Powers has delivered a worthy installment in his *Violation* series, even if the director's spiritual mentor Kubrick is probably spinning in his grave. For more on Jim Powers's mission to corrupt the world, see opposite page.

—M.J.

PORNO PARIAH

Jim Powers Unloads

Porn freak Jim Powers and his two favorite toys.

XXXTREME PORN PIONEER Jim Powers, best known for introducing bukkake to America, recently added *AVN*'s Director of the Year Award to his mounting heap of prizes. Churning out filth at a frenetic clip of almost three flicks a month for the past 15 years, he's kept his edge by shunning formulas and weaving humor with humiliation.

The smutmaster's anarchic swagger also makes him a prime target for the government's antiporn goons. Embroiled in a crackdown by the U.S. Justice Department, Powers's distributor—JM Productions—is feeling the heat, and a longtime business colleague is now facing serious obscenity charges.

HUSTLER: Are you America's nightmare?

JIM POWERS: I make my film*s for* America! I'm contributing to Americana. The whole concept of what I do is bigger than just one movie. It's for the future! I like making things that kids can get into, like bukkake and gagging blowjobs. This stuff is like herpes—it sticks with you. People like to think I'm scary when they see my movies, but I'm not at all.

Bad seed Ashley Blue antagonizes Chelsie Rae in ***Girlvert #14****.*

I don't think the typical girl finds me frightening either. I admit there's a certain part of me that likes putting girls through torture. My favorite thing is to find an innocent-looking girl and have her do filthy things. I relish that. I like to think I do it for the perverts out there. In real life the average guy doesn't dream of fucking somebody like his wife. He dreams about banging a 14-year-old girl. We can't say that in porno because of our self-imposed guidelines. But let's face it: That's the fantasy.

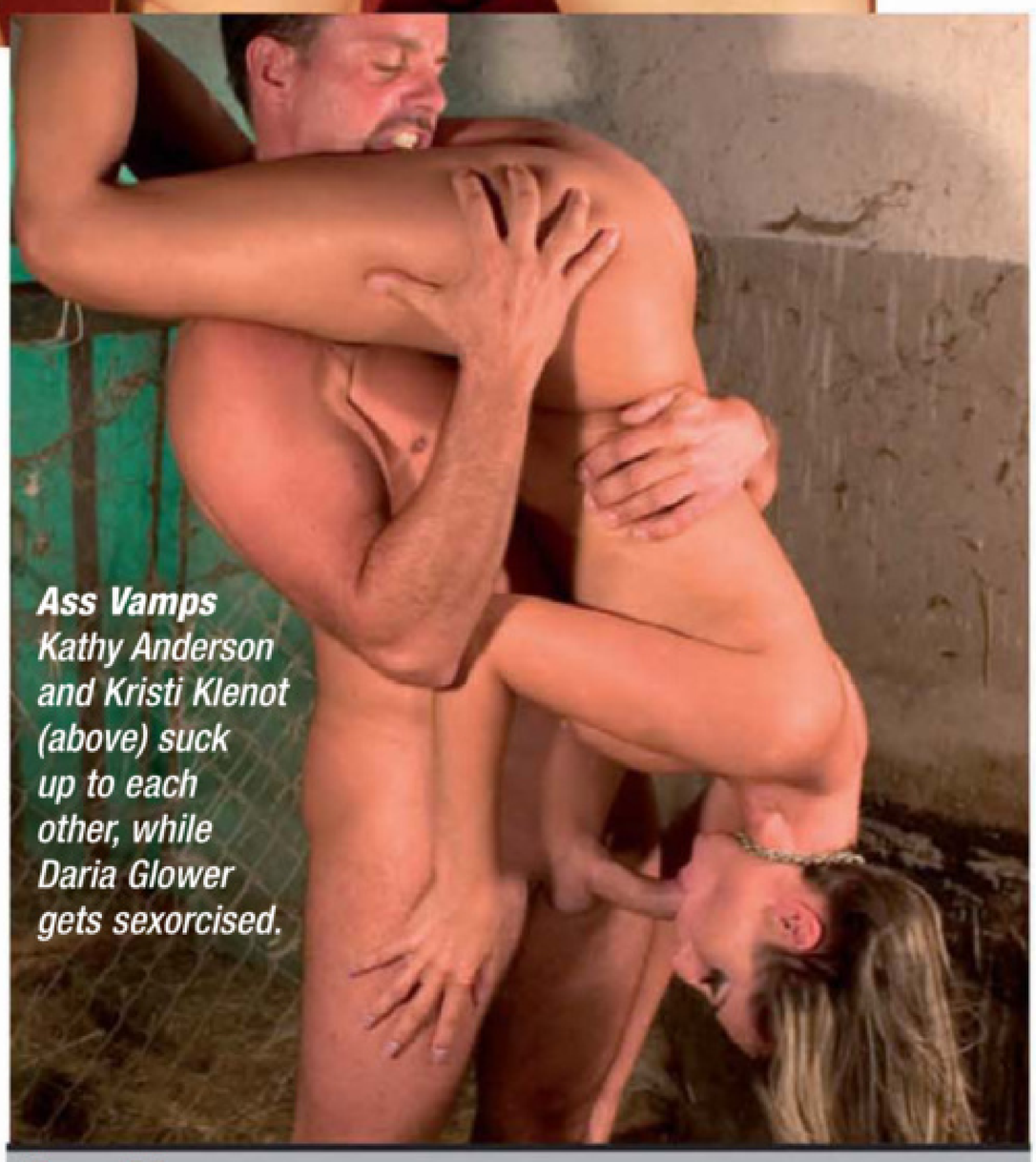
How do you skirt obscenity laws?

Don't you read the news? JM is under federal indictment right now because of four movies I shot. It's total bullshit! [U.S. Attorney General] Gonzales is involved because they fired the prosecutor from Arizona, Paul Charlton [one of the eight U.S. attorneys canned by the Bush Administration in 2006], after he didn't want to press charges. I'm not being indicted personally; I shot the movies, but JM shipped them.

Jeff Mike is facing possibly 50 years in prison! We wouldn't have the same porn today if it weren't for him. A lot of what I do is because Jeff Mike said, "Do this stuff!" He's really pushed the boundaries of porn. We used to be rebels, us pornographers, and now we're turning into IBM with all these self-imposed rules and regulations.

A lot of your movies have characters and stories. That's rebellious for gonzo.

I'm a strong proponent of storylines in porno. There has to be a reason why people are fucking. It's actually very biblical: Good triumphs over evil! Of course, that depends on what you think the good is. And obviously, *(continued on page 139)*



Ass Vamps *Kathy Anderson and Kristi Klenot (above) suck up to each other, while Daria Glower gets sexorcised.*

Vanessa Lane (above), Davia Ardell and Megan Joy (below) battle for the office costume prize in ***Fetish Factory #2****.*

Ass Vamps

VCA PICTURES/HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** TIM POLECAT. **STARRING:** SUZIE DIAMOND, KATHY ANDERSON, KRISTI KLENOT, DARIA GLOWER, SIMONA D, WEIN LEWIS, JJ, VITO CORLEONE & GEORGE UHL.

In darkest Transylvania, slutty lady vampires still roam the countryside, screwing the souls out of local peasants and priests. Actually, the setting is the Czech Republic, but who cares, as long as the vamps spring from that seemingly endless crop of Eastern European dreamgirls. Femmes like Kathy Anderson and Kristi Klenot, who look like they jumped off a '60s pinup calendar, are the best thing *Ass Vamps* has going for it. In their HUSTLER Video debut, they deliver a highly watchable girl/girl featuring a face dildo, which Klenot uses as a stake to consign the apparently undead Anderson to hell. Most of the boy/girl fucking is too half-hearted by half, but the "Sexorcist" episode offers a little salvation: A penitent priest tries to drive the devil out of Daria Glower by smoting her with his rod, all the while begging Jesus for forgiveness. Ain't men of the cloth pathetic? The best scene is arguably "End Times," and not only because it ends the movie: Demon-eyed George Uhl mesmerizes Kathy Anderson into letting him pound her ass crack raw. The spy-flick-style soundtrack, composed by director Tim Polecat himself, gives the movie alt-porn cache, but let's be honest: Music can only add some rhythm to porn; it can't save it. "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," whimpers one of the dolls. Thank God you did! ***—M.J.***

Fetish Factory #2

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** ANDREA DI ANGELO. **STARRING:** CANDY MANSON, CASSIE YOUNG, SHANNON KELLY, VANESSA LANE, MEGAN JOY, DAVIA ARDELL, TALON, T.J. CUMMINGS, ALEX SANDERS, JERRY, HARLEY & ANTHONY HARDWOOD.

Looking for Halloween costume ideas? This flick has a good selection of masks, so you might want to check it out. Beyond that, there's more trick than treat in this humpfest. The marketing department says it's aimed at the dungeon fans, but the weird fetish shit—like a good spanking and a chick-with-ashtray mouth gag—too often devolves into assembly line stroke fodder. Of course, if you're a member of the "let's just watch big-titted girls getting fucked" crowd, you won't mind. Candy Manson, who apparently remains chained up and hanging from the ceiling until somebody feels like banging her, ably kicks off a parade of bulbous boobjobs and skimpy leather getups. Overall, *Fetish Factory #2* fills the eye-candy quota, and it's costumey enough to leave running on the TV while handing out goodies to the kids. ***—M.J.***

The filthmeister over-Powers willing squirt starlet Isabella.

being whacked out of her mind. But Ashley is a smarter Girlvert. She brought in a certain type of knowing disrespect in the way she tears apart these girls. She is one of them, so I guess it's an inner loathing she uses.

Ever consider a career change?

I'm a lifer! I have the perfect mentality for porno: I'm too fucked up to do anything else! I used to pimp HUSTLERs outside of stores when I was a kid. I used to ask older guys to buy them for me. I was a lonely nerd in the mountains drawing porno comics. I love porno. But most porn today sucks!

All most people are concerned about is how much fucking money they can grab and brag about it. They just want to get paid by the scene—get their $1,200 or whatever for an anal—and leave. But why not do something memorable? Nobody's going to remember the time you fucked somebody on a bed someplace, but they *are* going to remember the time you ran around dressed up as Bigfoot.

What's the secret to making a Jim Powers flick?

My films are campy. I like to put people in situations that are serious and ridiculous at the same time. That's how the best porno is usually done. Look at what we're doing, for Chrissake. We're getting people to lick each other's assholes in front of the camera! We should have a blast while we're doing it. The more anarchy, the better! I thrive on the chaos. It's like a car wreck—you can't help but watch it.

My favorite thing to this day is to shoot the bukkakes. It's fucking pandemonium! The girl is just covered in cum, drowning in loads of cum. That's porno! —*M.J.*

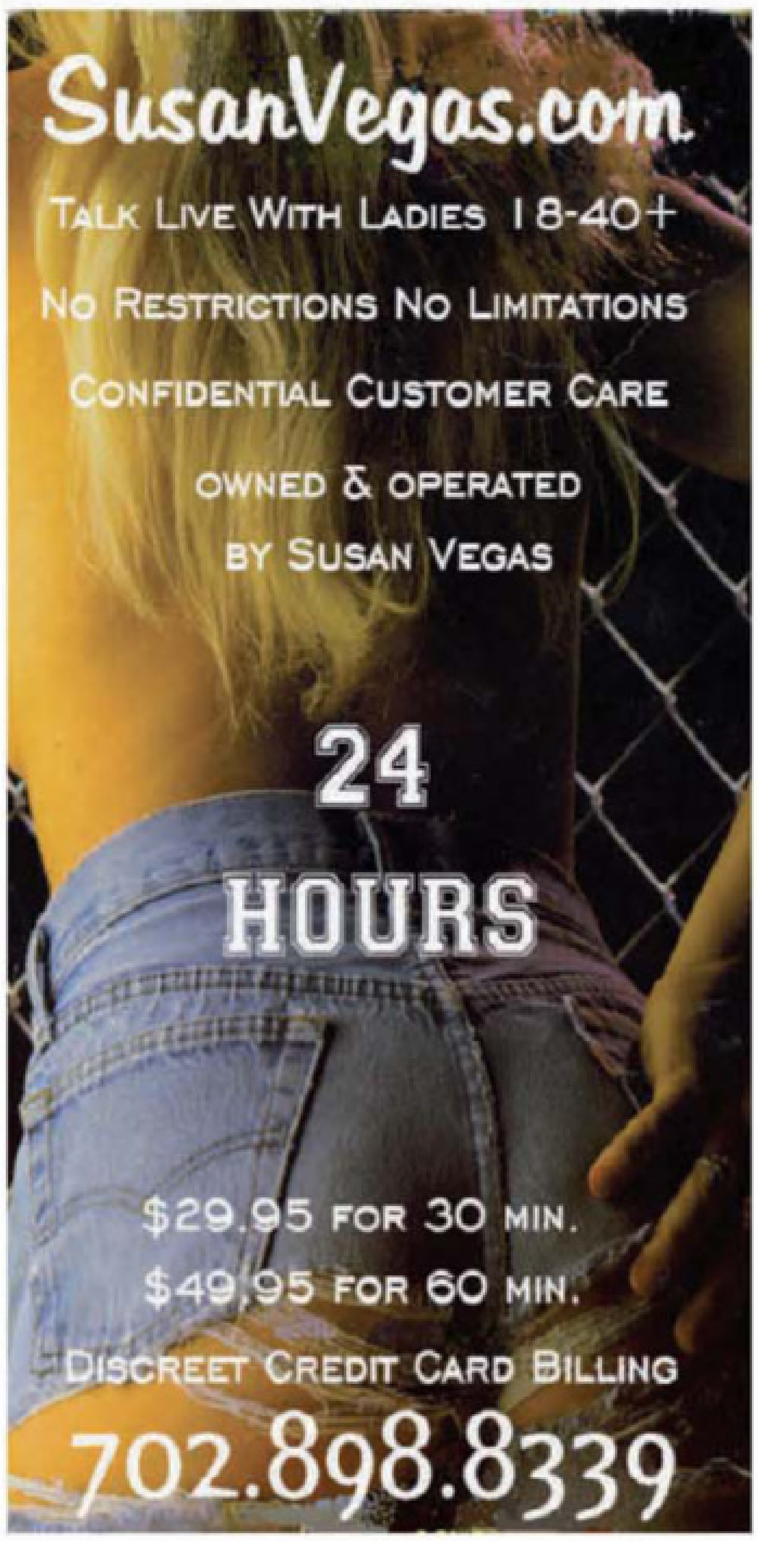
PORNO PARIAH

(continued from page 137) I break that rule too. And I like to use real locations and dress the girls up in costumes. I want them to think we're making a real movie and that they're not just hookers. I always say this may be the last movie we ever shoot. I could die tomorrow, so let's make it a good one. But it's tough because we're in a world dominated by hookers and pimps, and none of the girls want to act. Girls used to have to act, even in porno, but we lost those girls.

Ashley Blue does an excellent job in the *Girlvert* series.

Ashley's great; she's really made that role her own. *Girlvert* actually started with Keegan Skky. She was a fucking lunatic! She set the standard of beating up the girls and just

Lorilei Lee, Kelly Wells, Johnny Thrust, Hannah Harper, Jim Powers and Keanni Lei on the set of ***Hannah Goes to Hell.***



TIFFANY WINTERS

“MY FAMILY TRADITION”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Maintaining a family tradition, **Tiffany Winters** (calling herself Pixie) sent nude snapshots our way, and now the stunning Ohioan has a shot at being 2007's top amateur. "My mom was a Beaver back in the early 1980s," the excited Finalist proudly confides, "so being naked in HUSTLER is my destiny! Plus, my birthday is November 1, just like Larry Flynt. I always felt we were sort of connected in a weird way."

The second-generation exhibitionist looks awesome straddling a guitar, but she's really in tune when hankering for some satisfaction. "I need sex all the time," **Tiffany** admits. "I turn into a total bitch if I have to go more than a day or two without a good screw."

Get her going and the insatiable young lady becomes a total nympho. "I love being bent over and slammed from behind," **Ms. Winters** continues. "I also love being tied up. My biggest turn-on has to be when a guy goes down on me. I love the way a man's tongue feels on my wet pussy. I'm also bi, so going down on a hot chick also works for me in a big way."

Like Larry Flynt's flagship magazine, **Tiffany**'s ultimate fantasy intertwines erotica and politics. "This is gonna sound crazy," she chirps, "but I would love to have a threesome on the lawn of the White House. That would be hot. Maybe it's because I've had a crush on Bill Clinton ever since he was President. He's a pervert, and I like that."

If victorious, how will the immodest ingenue spend the $5,000 grand prize? "At first I thought I should be practical and use it to pay bills," **Tiffany** tells us, "but then I thought to myself, *No way!* So I'm going to totally splurge and blow it all on fun things for myself. Who knows? Maybe I'll use some of the money to relocate to Los Angeles and work full-time as a nude model and actress."

TIFFANY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Zanesville, Ohio

AGE: 25

BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio

HEIGHT: 5-5

COMING NEXT MONTH

MICHAEL MOORE BLASTS THE HEALTHCARE NIGHTMARE

Michael Moore, the Oscar-winning director of *Sicko*, spouts off on the medical insurance industry, HMOs and pharmaceutical companies, calling them a greedy, corrupt, inefficient "criminal racket." The radical filmmaker insists there's no place for the profit motive when it comes to protecting and providing for people's wellness. Read Moore's moving demand for comprehensive, affordable, universal healthcare as "a human right" for all Americans.

OFFSCREEN WITH HILLARY SCOTT

It's Scott on Scott as gonzo journalist Scott Fayner spends the day with Hillary Scott to find out what *AVN*'s Female Performer of the Year is up to when she's not fucking onscreen. Grab your bong as precocious anal princess Hillary embarks on an epic odyssey to get stoned, with our reporter tagging along for a candid, behind-the-scenes look at the million-dollar contract player. Great Scott!

GET SOME ACTION!

Photographer Richard Kern is known worldwide for his knack of capturing everyday women at their sexiest…and most naked. See for yourself as we showcase a bevy of the cutting-edge New Yorker's unbashful subjects from his hot new photo book, *Action*.

CLASSIC CINEMA'S SIZZLING STARLETS

We give HUSTLER's *Many Faces of Beauty* series a Hollywood happy ending with a fond look back at a pantheon of silver-screen hotties. From Jean Harlow to Marilyn Monroe to Sophia Loren and beyond, film historian Ed Rampell muses on moviedom's most alluring sex goddesses and loveliest leading ladies.

TUCKER MAX TO DA MAX: PART 1

Tucker Max, the author of *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*, has become one of the blogosphere's hippest and most outrageous personalities by documenting his misadventures of boozing and bedding babes. Now we document the Internet's funniest man-about-town in an exclusive profile.

ONE KOOL KATT

In the droll tradition of Richard Pryor and Chris Rock, whip-smart comedian Katt Williams tells it like it is. In a hilarious conversation with *Bits & Pieces* Editor Keith Valcourt, the streetwise comic unloads on everything from "bee-atches" to why George W. Bush may be the baddest pimp of all.

ARIA GIOVANNI

The December '07 HUSTLER goes on sale September 18, 2007. Visit our Web site at HustlerWorld.com.

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